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THE ANNEXATION OF MEXICO.

BY M. ROMERO, MEXICAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE opportunity to discuss questions of transcendent character is certainly when they are not being agitated, because the public mind is not excited then, and reason can have its full sway. Such is now the case with the question, which can hardly be so called, of the annexation of Mexico to the United States.

None of the political parties, and, in fact, no sensible man in this country, now favors any such scheme, if attempted to be brought about by force, and I think that very few would accept it, even in case it was asked voluntarily by Mexico, should they fully weigh the very serious consequences which that step would entail. It is only a few selfish persons interested in promoting and obtaining personal ends, regardless of the consequences to their own country, who would really favor annexation at any cost.

In two ways could annexation be accomplished—by conquest or by the voluntary act of Mexico. As I have already said, I do not think that there is now a political party in the United States which favors the conquest of Mexico. Although it is innate with every people,—the wish to increase its power and area,—such a wish is quite different from a spirit of conquest, although sometimes that end could not be accomplished but by conquest.

The very political organization of this country and its traditions show very plainly that the United States are not a conquering country. Conquest and subjugation of a people are against the principles proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, and incorporated

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afterwards in the Constitution of the United States, which established a government by the people and for the people. Therefore, when the United States assume, if they shall ever do so, the role of conquerors, they will have to undergo a very essential change in their present institutions, and there is no indication for the present, so far as I can judge, that any such change will take place in the near future.

Should the United States ever attain that solidarity of political union which merges the individual into the nation, as in some countries, where the sovereignty of the nation has all the attributes of a personality, while the individual significance of the people is lost, that change of institutions might easily take place; but in the United States the unity of sovereignties is now the individual, represented by majorities, while Mexico, on the contrary, is as compact a country as any European nation, and the different changes in her form of government have not in the least affected her nationality.

The several and very large accretions that this country has added to its original comparatively small territory, have always been made, with a single exception, through purchase and not through conquest, and even in the single case of conquest alluded to, the United States preferred to give it the appearance of a purchase by paying some consideration for the conquered territory.

The Monroe doctrine, which has been grievously misunderstood by many, taking it as a menace from the United States against the independence of the Spanish-American nations, had just the opposite object, namely, to secure their autonomy and independence, and it always contemplated a defensive and not an aggressive policy. The Monroe doctrine originated in the doings of what was called the Holy Alliance, formed in 1815 by the monarchical nations of Europe, supporters of the doctrine of the divine rights of kings, soon after Napoleon's downfall, which, by a treaty signed by their Congress at Verona in 1822, agreed to join their efforts for the purpose "of putting an end to the principle of representative government, whenever it is known to exist, in the states of Europe, and to prevent it from being introduced into those states where it is not known." In 1821, France, supported by the Holy Alliance, suppressed an insurrection which had broken out in Spain, and restored to power Ferdinand VII. as an absolute monarch.

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England, the chief European nation which had for centuries a successful representative government could not look with indifference at the aims of the Holy Alliance, and Mr. Canning, then Prime Minister, informed Mr. Rush, United States Minister in London, in August, 1823, of the intentions of the Holy Alliance to hold another Congress to decide upon a plan of interference with the representative governments of South and Central America, and proposed that England and the United States should unite in declaring "that while the two Governments desired no portion of those colonies for themselves, they would not view with indifference any foreign intervention in their affairs, or their acquisition by any third party."

The United States decided not to act in conjunction with England in that matter, but to make such a declaration by themselves, and President Monroe, in his message to Congress of December 2, 1823, said:

"That the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power."

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"We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

It must be borne in mind that, while at the time when such a declaration was made (1823) the Government of the United States had acknowledged the independence of some of the Spanish-American colonies, like Mexico and Colombia, etc., the war of independence had not ended in several others, like Peru and Bolivia, as the final battle which accomplished the independence of the Spanish South American colonies was fought at Ayacucho, on the 9th of December, 1824, and that, although Mexico and Colombia had actually achieved their independence, Spain had not yet given up the struggle, as she sent an army to Mexico, which landed at Tampico, under General Barradas, in June, 1829, for the purpose of subduing that country.

The best exponent and interpreter of the Monroe doctrine, should any be required, would undoubtedly be John Quincy Adams, who was Secretary of State during the two Administrations of President Monroe, who succeeded Mr. Monroe as President of the United States, and who, in a special message to Congress of March 15, 1826, on the proposed Panama Congress, after

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referring to the message of his predecessor, above quoted, which had been sent to Congress only two years and a few months before, said :

"Should it be deemed advisable to contract any conventional engagement on this topic, our views would extend no further than to a mutual pledge of the parties to the compact to maintain the principle in application to its own territory, and to permit no colonial lodgments or establishments of European jurisdiction upon its soil."

The same spirit of fairness and liberality which inspired the Monroe doctrine appears recorded in Article I. of the treaty signed in Washington on the 19th of April, 1850, generally known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, wherein it was agreed "that neither [of the two contracting parties] will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same [the ship canal], or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America." The restriction of this stipulation to Central America is explained by the fact that the principal object the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty had in view, was to remove existing difficulties about the construction of an inter-oceanic ship canal through Central America.

But the question naturally arises, If the United States are not a conquering country, why did they wage a war of conquest against a neighboring republic in 1846 and 1847 to obtain over one-half of her territory? The answer is a very easy one. When the slavery question divided this country, the North being arrayed against the South, and when the immense domain of the West was being settled by Northern, or anti-slavery, men, it was natural that the South should seek for some territorial compensation at the expense of its southern neighbor, because it expected that any new States coming from that quarter would be slave States. This condition of things, which at the time made the acquisition of southern territory almost a measure of party self-preservation, explains the cause and object of the Mexican War, and of its natural consequence, the acquisition of Texas, New Mexico, and California, as well as the different attempts made then by Administrations belonging to the same political party to purchase the island of Cuba.

Even in this case the South was sorely disappointed, as it naturally expected that all the territory acquired from Mexico by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, would be organized into slave

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States; but out of the four States into which that territory was divided, only one, Texas, became a slave State, while the remaining three, California, Nevada, and a portion of Colorado, were all free States, and out of the three territories, New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona, into which the rest of the land then acquired was organized, only one, New Mexico, might have been a slave State, had they attained Statehood before the abolition of slavery. Could the leaders of the Mexican War have foreseen this result, it is not likely that they would have been so much in earnest for the acquisition of that territory.

So, instead of the Mexican acquisition giving the political preponderance to the party in favor of slavery, which was its principal, if not its only, aim, it only precipitated the final struggle for the abolition of slavery, which was so disastrous to the South, the promoter of the Mexican War.

But since slavery was abolished in the United States, the former condition of things has materially changed, and the old fundamental principles and doctrines of this government have regained control over this country. Under this new condition of things, brought about by the Mexican War and by its corollary, the Civil War, the acquisition of territory, whatever may be the reasons alleged in its favor or the popularity of the idea, has now assumed a new aspect, and a very serious one for this country, and, fortunately, has no longer anything to do with slavery.

It is very plain to any statesman, and, in fact, to anybody endowed with the faculty of anticipating events, how dangerous it would be to the future unity and welfare of this country further to increase its territorial area, especially when the new territory is already inhabited by a people of a different race, speaking a different language, and having different habits. It is, in my opinion, worth while pointing out some of these dangers, objections, and perils, notwithstanding that they are quite plain to any careful observer of human events.

The United States has already as much territory as any other free country ever had, and embraces within itself different elements, with different and antagonistic interests, which will, in all probability, grow stronger every day. The patriotism, talent, prudence, wisdom, and ingenuity of its best men will be heavily taxed during the next century to keep together the bonds of union which now happily exist, and prevent their disruption;

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and should they succeed in this very difficult task, they will certainly have rendered a very great service to their country.

The Roman Empire, which was the government that covered the largest superficial area in the world, and the most stable one of which there is any record, excepting perhaps the Chinese, was not a free and popular government, like the one established here, but from the time of Augustus a military despotism, although for its age it was an enlightened one and very tolerant to the subjugated people; notwithstanding all this, when it was too much spread and embraced many discordant and antagonistical elements, it was first divided between the East and the West, and finally crumbled to pieces.

But if the American statesmen, whose task it is to pilot this great Nation to a safe port, undertake to increase the already existing difficulties of the situation, which, in all probability, will daily grow greater, by adding to them the introduction of a whole nationality of twelve millions of people, of almost insuperable assimilation, at least for many generations to come,—a people of a different race, speaking a different language and possessing very different habits and ideas, two-thirds of whom are pure-blooded Indians, who, although docile, peaceful, and law-abiding, are, on the whole, ignorant, and will, beyond all doubt, present the same social and political problems that are now offered by the colored race of the South, which are so difficult of a satisfactory solution that many of the most enlightened men of this country would prefer to see them out of it,—the task of keeping together this great country they will find almost impossible to accomplish.

But there is, in my opinion, another objection of still greater force, and of far more immediate effect, growing out of the annexation of Mexico to the United States. The United States are now about equally divided in politics, between the North and the South; so much so that a single State has often had a controlling vote in the Presidential elections. Since the abolition of slavery, which was for a long time the bone of contention between the political parties, the social question between labor and capital, or the economic question, as it might be more properly called, is taking its place. The whole South, or the *solid South*, is arrayed on one side, and the majority of the North on the other. If, under such circumstances, and even in case they should come to an agreement on that or other questions, there should be added to the present diffi-

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culties of the situation twelve millions of a heterogenous, dissatisfied, unwilling people, with a representation in the Congress of the United States of fifty-six Senators and seventy-nine Representatives, according to the present apportionment, and the corresponding number of votes in the Electoral College, the fate and future of this country would then be placed in the hands of that dissatisfied element, which would thus exercise a controlling influence in its destinies. That influence will, of course, increase as the number of political parties may increase in this country.

I do not think it possible, unless the American institutions were substantially changed to meet that emergency, that the Mexican population could be kept disfranchised, especially when the right to vote and to have equal representation in Congress has been granted to the colored race here, and when all Mexicans now enjoy such political rights.

When it is taken into consideration that the spirit of the age is to extend rather than restrict self-government, and that the leading nations of the world, who have made the largest conquests, have come to the conclusion that the best way to keep their dependencies and colonies is to grant them the precious boon of self-government,—a principle practised here on a larger scale than anywhere else, and which accounts, in a great measure, for the preservation and growth of this great country,—it would appear almost a folly to suppose that it would be denied to Mexico, in case of its annexation to the United States, even if this could be accomplished by conquest.

To be sure, the Mexican Senators and Members of Congress could not, by themselves, carry out any measure of any kind, but that fact would not deprive them of a controlling influence in the legislative power of the United States, and their number would be sufficient to defeat many measures. If the question which arose in 1861 had been presented under such circumstances, they would, in all probability, have sided with the South, and the disruption of the country would have been sanctioned by the authority of Congress. Besides, such a large number of Senators and Members, united and compact, could obtain many advantages by transactions and in other ways usual now in the course of legislative affairs.

The United States are now decidedly against the immigration of Chinese, for the reason mainly that they work for lower

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wages than native citizens. The feeling of not allowing the competition of foreign cheap labor with the native is growing so strong that it has begun to affect the laws about European immigration, and there exists a marked tendency to restrict the coming into this country of what are called pauper immigrants.

The annexation of Mexico would revolutionize materially the labor system of the United States, and the objections to Chinese and European pauper immigrants would have, should Mexico be incorporated, tenfold force. At least three millions of able-bodied Mexican laborers, whose wages range now from twelve and a half to fifty cents a day, and who would be quite willing to come north or west for the purpose of earning higher wages, would be thrown on the market, clothed with the rights of citizenship, and without any possibility of closing to them the doors of the country, as they are now practically closed to the Chinese. To be sure, their present Mexican wages would then have to be increased, but in any case they would certainly remain lower than the present Chinese wages.

I have purposely refrained from dwelling on the actual difficulties of the subjugation of 12,000,000 of brave people, proud of their nationality, and ready to fight to the last extremity to preserve it, and on the difficulties of keeping subdued such a large number of people, because, although these considerations are very serious, and, in the opinion of many competent minds, should be enough to forbid such a conquest, and are not likely to be overlooked here, they have only a secondary importance when compared with the paramount gravity of the others, and for the sake of argument I am willing to assume that the conquest of Mexico could be accomplished; but I think it opportune to mention that a great military authority has recently said that a war with Mexico now would be quite a different affair from the one of 1846 and 1847, and its consequences would also be quite different. Although it is a law of nature that the stronger can subdue the weaker, there are several factors in a struggle between two nations which may affect the final issue, and often the result may not quite compensate the magnitude of the effort.

A mere glance of the history of the United States shows that, instead of encouraging annexation, especially since the Mexican War, they have, on the contrary, realized its serious objections and acted as if they were opposed to that step.

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Should the United States intend to pursue the policy of annexation, it is but natural that they would begin with Canada, as the Canadians belong to the same race, speak the same language, have an identical origin, profess the same religion, and are practically the same people, divided only by an imaginary line. And yet there is no party here, to my knowledge, favoring the annexation of Canada by force or conquest, and some of the most prominent men of the country have expressed their opposition to such a measure, even if asked voluntarily by the Canadians. One of the strongest reasons advanced against such union is that about one-fourth of the Canadians are of French origin, and therefore difficult of assimilation.

There is another fact which shows how difficult it is to carry out the consolidation of governments, or annexation, under the institutions prevailing here. Great efforts have been made for some time to consolidate into a single municipal government the twin sister cities of New York and Brooklyn. They are really one city, divided only by a stream, as is London by the Thames, Paris by the Seine, and Rome by the Tiber, and yet the consolidation has not yet been effected, and a long time may elapse before it is accomplished. How much more difficult would it be to consolidate in a single government two different, independent nations.

Had this country desired the annexation of any portion of Mexico, it might have tried to accomplish it, availing itself of several opportunities which have been presented. From 1846 to 1848 some reckless political leaders of Yucatan took advantage of the invasion of Mexico by the army of the United States to proclaim the independence of that State, giving, as a reason for that step, that the central government of Mexico did not protect it against the invasion of the Maya Indians, provoked by the acts of said leaders, and assisted by the inhabitants of British Honduras or Belice, adjoining the rebel Indians, in providing them with arms and ammunitions from said colony to carry on a war of desolation and extermination against the white race. The *de-facto* rulers of Yucatan sent a representative to Washington, who, in the language of President Polk, in his special message to Congress of April 29, 1848, "laid a communication from the Governor of that State, in which the constituted authorities implored the aid of this Government to save them from destruction, offering, in case this should be granted, to transfer the dominion and

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sovereignty of the peninsula to the United States. Similar appeals for aid and protection have been made to the Spanish and the English Governments."

While President Polk deprecated the acquisition of Yucatan, which had been declared neutral by him in the war against Mexico, he stated "that the United States could not consent to the transfer of the domain and sovereignty of that State to any European Power," intimated the convenience of a military occupation of Yucatan, and concluded by submitting "to the wisdom of Congress to adopt such measures as in their judgment may be expedient to prevent Yucatan from becoming a colony of any European Power,"—which could only be its annexation to the United States. A bill was forthwith introduced in the Senate to authorize the President to take military possession of Yucatan, and its approval was urged by all the friends of annexation. This incident afforded a very easy way to bring about the annexation to the United States of the whole peninsula of Yucatan, with its very important location, as it forms the southern entrance to the Gulf of Mexico; but notwithstanding all this, and although President Polk, who had made war on Mexico, was then in power, lent his support to the measure, the resolution, after a long debate, did not pass.

Another very good opportunity to accomplish the same purpose, perhaps on a larger scale and under far better circumstances, was offered by the French intervention. When the American Civil War ended in April, 1865, this country had a well-disciplined and equipped army, of about half a million of veteran soldiers, and could have sent a portion of the same to assist Mexico in her struggle against the French Emperor, demanding at the end of the war, the payment in territory of its expenses, notwithstanding Mexico's resistance. Instead of following such a policy, the Administration then ruling this country preferred, precisely with a view to avoiding the possibility of such a result, to follow a neutral course, while giving to Mexico a decided moral support. I was at the time in Washington, representing Mexico, and I know well the views of that Administration.

If the United States had had any desire to acquire territory of the Spanish-American Republics, and specially of Central America, they have had several opportunities, growing out of the complications which have arisen in those states, in which they could have attempted to do so with an apparent show of reason,

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such as other nations have had in similar cases. Perhaps the occupation and control of Nicaragua by Walker, whose government was recognized by the United States, offered not the least of such opportunities, notwithstanding the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Should they ever have had any such designs, they would never, of course, have signed such treaty.

The rejection by the Senate of the United States of the treaty annexing Santo Domingo is another fact very significant in this respect.

All thoughts of annexation being discarded, as they are practically now, the wisest policy to be pursued between the United States and Mexico, and one to which all political parties in this country seem now to adhere, would be, in my opinion, so to enlarge the political, social, and commercial relations between the two Republics as to identify them in great commercial and industrial interests, but without diminishing the autonomy or, much less, destroying the nationality of either. That policy would give to the United States and to Mexico all the advantages of annexation without any of its drawbacks. Both countries have already practically been made a single postal territory. It is to be hoped that before long their commercial intercourse will grow in such proportions as to make possible and convenient to both something more than commercial reciprocity. Their contiguous territory closely united by several trunk lines of railroad will necessarily hasten that result.

Public opinion is divided in Mexico about the best policy to be pursued toward the United States. The conservative, or Church party, as well as a large portion of the people, inspired by the recollections of the disastrous war of 1846 and 1847, which General Grant characterized as unjust, and ignoring or overlooking the political changes which have since occurred in this country, are always afraid of annexation, and advocate the policy of isolation from, and complete non-intercourse with, the United States; while the liberal party, having the bond of similarity of political institutions, considers the contiguity of territory as a stubborn fact which cannot be ignored, and believes that the best way to prevent annexation is to open the country to the United States, and to grant to them all reasonable advantages, so as to make annexation useless and even dangerous. In pursuance of that policy, the old Mexican land laws have been recently modified,

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and the most liberal railroad, mineral, and other grants have been freely given to its citizens.

But both parties, and, in fact, the whole country to a man, are decidedly opposed to annexation, not only because they are proud of their nationality, but also because they have the conviction that annexation for them means extermination, and naturally they are not willing to contribute to their own destruction. I do not share these views, myself, so far as the extermination of the race now living in Mexico is concerned, because I do not think that 12,000,000 of people can be easily exterminated, but that makes no difference when the whole country holds them.

I think that these few remarks are enough to dispose of the question of annexation by the free will of the Mexicans.

For the present, and in all probability for some time to come, reciprocity is all that is needed for the development of trade relations between the two countries. Their territorial contiguity, and the steel bands which now connect them, require special rules to foster and develop their commercial intercourse, somewhat different from those applied to other countries. Reciprocity has, besides, the advantage of allowing the reform of the tariff laws of a country to be made for a compensation to itself and with great benefit to the other country. If, for instance, the United States should decide now, with a view to reduce their revenue, or for any other reason satisfactory to themselves, to abolish the duty on sugar, as they did some time ago the duty on coffee, they would gain nothing but a reduction of revenue, in case the abolition was extended to all nations; but if it is made only for Mexico, they would receive an ample compensation in favor of their products and manufactures. Besides, reciprocity, as agreed upon with Mexico in the pending treaty, does not restrict in any manner the constitutional power of the Congress of each country to alter, at their will, their respective revenue laws.

Commercial union presents a great many more difficulties to overcome. If by commercial union between two countries it is understood that both should have the same tariff laws for the importation of foreign articles, and mutually receive free of duties their own, difficulty will at once arise as to who will make, amend, and repeal such laws. If the Congress of each country, simultaneously, but independently, it would be very difficult for them to come to an agreement, representing countries with different needs

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and interests. A joint Congress, in which both countries should be represented, would be subject to serious objections, besides requiring a modification of the fundamental laws of the two. They would have to be represented as equals, or in proportion to their population or their territorial area. If as equals, the larger might suffer in its interests ; and if in proportion to their population or territory, the smaller one would be the sufferer.

But even restricting commercial union to the free importation in each country of the products and manufactures of the other,—which measure could properly be called unrestricted reciprocity,—keeping both their respective tariffs, issued in accordance with their Constitution for the products and manufactures of other countries, provision should be made about the way to modify their revenue laws ; because if in the case of American cotton goods, for instance, they should be declared by Mexico free for all other countries, the United States would then cease to derive the advantages of reciprocity ; and how such laws should be amended and repealed is a matter very difficult to decide, as in that case it would be necessary to give to either country a voice in the enactment of the laws of the other, which would hardly be acceptable to either, and would, again, require the modification of the fundamental laws of both.

The question of commercial union between Mexico and the United States presents such complex problems that it is more advisable to let the needs and exigencies of the future indicate the way of solving them : for the present all the interests and needs of both countries would, in my opinion, be subserved with restricted reciprocity, like that agreed upon in the pending treaty.

In conclusion, I would express my sincere conviction that the United States desire above all things the increasing prosperity and secured stability of Mexico and of the other Spanish-American Powers, and that they are really anxious for closer and more friendly relations. We have not heretofore known as much of each other as we ought to have done, and our mutual knowledge and understanding are certainly the first step to take before we can reach more satisfactory results.

M. ROMERO.

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AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE *Century* Company has, in my judgment, done a great service to the soldiers of all armies by the publication of these records of the great War* in the United States. The first volume of the republication has just reached me, and I propose in the following pages to restrict my comments to that part of the history embraced within the seven hundred-odd pages it contains.

The story of the War, as told by the several actors in it, has not, in this volume, reached the date at which I personally paid a visit to one of the contending armies. I can only, therefore, comment on the evidence supplied to us, as a deeply interested student of the mighty struggle. The characteristic features of this part of the history are very unlike those of the later campaigns. The attention of soldiers in Europe has been so much directed to the long series of campaigns that were fought over the ground between Washington and Richmond, that we are prone to regard them as representing the character of the War throughout. The elaborately-prepared defensive positions of the later campaigns, and the sharp counter-strokes with which Lee, using Stonewall Jackson as his right arm, met the continued and systematic process of attrition applied by the Northern generals, have hardly their counterpart in this earlier period of the War. Nor do those far-reaching raids of mounted men on either side, which afterwards gave such a distinctive character to the War, appear to have yet made themselves felt.

The stately figure of Robert Lee, as yet, remains in the background. It is, however, excessively interesting to get clearer views than we have hitherto had of the circumstances under which Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Jackson, and others first made their appearance in this great struggle. The story of the first battle of Bull Run, and of Shiloh, are each told here with much cir-

* "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" (The *Century* War Book).

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cumstantial detail that supplies most valuable corrections to what we knew of them before. The stories of the capture of Fort Henry and of Fort Donelson have a very different aspect, now that we are able to judge of them from both sides and from many points of view. To English soldiers, all the minor circumstances of the gathering of the Northern and Southern forces have a special interest, as they enable us to realize in a new way the analagous incidents which must have attended the beginning of the war between King and Parliament in Charles I.'s time. The uncertainty as to which side men would take, the acts of vigorous, personal individuality, like those of Captain Lyon in Missouri, were common to both epochs. The trains with recruits for both sides, passing one another almost amicably on the same American railroad, with other kindred incidents, are all just of such a kind as must have happened in England, when men rallied to the standards of Rupert and of Cromwell. In the later instance, however, they were strangely affected in their form by all the elaborations of modern civilization and by the vastness of the theatre of war,—an area in which our whole island would be lost.

It is with the deepest regret that I feel obliged, at this early part of my review of the War, to call in question the fitness of Mr. Jefferson Davis for the high position he occupied. A man weighed down with years, with misfortunes, and, above all, with sad memories of a lost cause, and, I presume, the conviction that he was a failure, appeals to our pity rather than invites our censure. Like all the great actors on both sides, he was, I am sure, influenced in the course he took by the highest motives. He sincerely believed in the justice of the cause he espoused, and he brought to the service of his country an honesty of purpose, a fervid patriotism, an ability of no mean order, a zeal, and a persistent determination which all will admit he possessed. But that he was a third-rate man, and a most unfortunate selection for the office of President, I cannot conceal from myself. The great misfortunes of public servants who have utterly failed in the one great public venture of their lives must not be allowed to silence the voice of censure, much less of criticism. In dealing with private individuals we can afford to indulge our amiable feelings for misfortune. What we owe to historical truth and to the teaching of future generations forbids us, however, to deal similarly with men who have filled high positions. I note it here as

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a curious and, in my opinion, a regrettable fact, that in this, the first volume of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," there is no picture of the President of the Confederate States, although there are likenesses of many much less important men on both sides in this great struggle. The tremendous indictment against his capacity, which is drawn by Mr. R. Barnwell Rhett, so strongly supports my views regarding him that I regret very much that no answer to it has been printed side by side with it, in accordance with the impartial method of "The *Century* War Series." What reasonable answer could be made to it? If the Northern troops had then really known how he unwittingly worked for them, would they have wished to "hang Jeff. Davis to a sour-apple tree"?

It may be said that it was impossible for any one to foresee the dimensions to which the struggle would grow. But surely it is a statesman's business at least partially to gauge the strength of the forces with which he has to deal. The *soi-disant* statesman who began his high duties with the avowed expectation that 10,000 Enfield rifles would be sufficient to overawe the United States; who then refused the services of 366,000 men, the flower of the South, and accepted only a fraction of them, because he had not arms for more; the man who neglected to buy the East Indian fleet, which happy chance and the zeal of subordinates threw in his way; the ruler who could not see that the one vital necessity for the South was, at all sacrifice and at all hazard, to keep the ports open; who rejected all means proposed by others for placing the finances of the Confederacy on a sound basis,—that man, as I think, did more than any other individual on either side to save the Union. I have not attempted to make the charge against him as complete and crushing as it could easily be made by those who trusted him with almost unlimited powers in their behalf. Enough has been said to illustrate what, I think, is, on this point, the commonly accepted verdict of history.

It is the old, old story over again, of civil rulers who blunder, and, failing to foresee events, sacrifice everything to a momentary popularity, in order to divert popular wrath from themselves to the unfortunate soldiers who have been their victims. An illustration of my meaning is to be found in the pathetic story told in this volume of the gallant and high-minded Albert Sidney Johnston. Like Robert Lee, he hated the War, and had also refused

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the highest military position in the United States Army, at the call of what he considered to be his duty to his State. Those who played the part of statesmen on the Southern side had left Johnston without resources. Despite all his efforts, and despite his zeal and great military ability, he was overwhelmed by the popular fury at a failure for which others had prepared the way, and where the action of his Government had rendered success well-nigh impossible. To do Mr. Davis justice, he no doubt, in this instance, did his best to support by words the soldier whom he had failed to support by deeds.

To pass to other matters: I am struck, throughout the whole story of the minor operations of this period, by the illustrations they afford of the regularity with which the old rules and principles of war assert their supremacy. The battle of Wilson's Creek, on August 10, 1861, and that of Pea Ridge, on March 7, 1862, are curiously alike in their military lessons. In both, the attempt was made to carry out distinctly separated movements by isolated parts of an attacking force, in order to strike upon the flanks or rear of a concentrated defensive force. Both attempts failed, as might have been predicted beforehand. No doubt Sigel's movement round the rear of Price at Wilson's Creek was a more hazardous, as well as a bolder, attempt than that of Price and McCulloch at Pea Ridge, so far as their separation on the field of battle was concerned. But McCulloch, at Pea Ridge, was completely disconnected from the attack made upon the Federal right by Price. The consequences in each battle followed in the same way. McCulloch, at Pea Ridge, and Sigel, at Wilson's Creek, each for the moment gained advantage from a surprised enemy; but when time had been given for the surprised to recover, there was in neither instance a supporting force sufficiently near at hand to meet the supports brought up by the enemy. The advantage gained at first was soon lost, and then the isolated force was crushed. The result was, in each instance, that the depending army was thus soon able to devote its whole strength to meet the remainder of the attack, and to crush that in its turn also. It is worthy of note that, in the general position taken up for the attack, Price had passed completely to the rear of the Federal position. It is clear that he sacrificed as much as he gained by so doing. The Federals were as directly on his line of communications as he on theirs.

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I am much struck, in this intricate series of minor actions, by the terrible difficulty under which generals act who are in command of troops that cannot be employed solely to win victory, and to bring about peace by securing it. I refer to the necessity which the leaders on both sides had to yield to, of retaining often large forces for the defence of points of political, but of small military, importance, if of any at all. McCulloch, tied to the defence of the trans-Mississippi region, and especially to that of Arkansas, on the Indian territory, could not, perhaps would not, join with Price in any large military movement. Here, as always, the orders from the Civil Government at Richmond hampered the military movement of the Confederate leaders; otherwise it is clear that a far more effective mode of meeting the Federal advance could have been devised than that of passing round to their rear. The Federal forces, based on St. Louis, had advanced by way of Rolla, Lebanon, and Dug Spring to the Pea Ridge. (See map on page 263.) Van Dorn had his headquarters at Pocahontas. Price had fallen back before the Federal Army as it advanced. McCulloch was, at first, at Maysville. It is not very clear from any of the narratives how much force Van Dorn, who was in command of the whole, had gathered at Pocahontas; but, as he had been contemplating a movement on St. Louis, he must, at least, have collected a considerable quantity of stores at Pocahontas. It would seem that McCulloch might have been at once transferred to the eastern side of the White River, allowing Price to continue his retreat towards the same point. General Curtis, when he reached Pea Ridge with the Federal force, entered a most difficult country; and had Price gradually given him the slip, with a view to a junction with the other Confederate forces, it is clear that an advance northward, directly upon Rolla or Springfield, based on Pocahontas, would have obliged Curtis to abandon his invasion of Arkansas, and would have enabled Van Dorn to fight at far greater advantage than he actually did. The Federal line, even from Rolla to Sugar Creek, was two hundred and ten miles in length, and from St. Louis it was three hundred and twenty miles. It would have been exposed throughout that entire distance to such a stroke from Pocahontas.

I do not, however, say this as a criticism on the generals on either side. No one who has himself realized the practical diffi-

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culties of command in the field is much tempted to any slap-dash criticism of those who are engaged in high command. The lesson which is most impressed upon me by a study of these campaigns is the danger there always is of popular irritability and ignorant impatience preventing a general from doing the very thing which would, if time were allowed, surely gain the ends which the people desire. If England were invaded, or threatened with invasion, the general in supreme command would be exposed to the same difficulty. People in Manchester would be uneasy because the Lancashire Volunteer Corps were drawn away from the defence of their own locality, for the purpose of crushing the enemy in the field elsewhere, by the united action of all our available military forces. It is for this reason that I hope the *Century's* admirable narrative of the Confederate War may be read attentively by the large numbers of educated volunteer officers whom we now have in England. Its campaigns are replete with instruction for all our auxiliary forces, as well as for our army.

In 1866, during the western campaign in Germany, very similar events repeated themselves. There, Vogel von Falkenstein, with a numerically very inferior force of Prussians, triumphed over the army opposed to him—an army made up of Hanoverians, Wurtembergers, Bavarians, and troops of various other minor states—because the officers commanding each contingent were hampered by their respective civil governments with orders which had their origin in a desire to keep each its own troops for the defence of its own particular state. Hence the absence of all unity of action, and the impossibility of concentration upon the decisive points. On the other hand, the Prussians triumphed because they were everywhere directed upon the decisive points against enemies whose several interests kept them from working heartily together. I dwell upon this because I have heard English politicians say that, in the event of danger here, we should have great difficulties with localities, which would cry out against having their volunteer corps removed for the defence of distant, though possibly most vital, points.

This great principle of strategy rules everywhere; and although I have every wish to do justice to the ability of General Albert Sidney Johnston, it is impossible to accept the reasons which his son advances for his having allowed General Curtis to attack Fort Donelson without moving to resist him, when he was, himself,

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within supporting distance at Nashville. The statement that he was bound to remain at Nashville, because it was the objective point of the Federal campaign, is answered by the facts. He was immediately obliged to abandon Nashville and to fall back on Corinth, as soon as Donelson fell. As long as the point of Federal attack was uncertain, it would seem to have been quite permissible for him to divide his forces between Donelson and Nashville, each of which was of great importance. What appears to me certain is that the course which was pursued by the Confederate commanders, prior to the first Bull Run, would here have been the right one. Whilst Buell's advance on Nashville was delayed, and Grant's attack on Donelson was declared, it would have been well to demonstrate in advance of Nashville, so as to convey the impression of intended aggression from that point, just as in the early summer of 1861 General Joseph E. Johnston did against Patterson, before he moved to support Beauregard, then in position on Bull Run.

If a similar course had been followed in Kentucky and Tennessee in February, 1862, and a rapid movement made with all the troops which General Albert S. Johnston could have then collected to attack Grant before Fort Donelson, it is difficult to believe, considering what actually did happen there, that the Federal forces could have escaped decisive defeat. It is evident that the personal presence of General A. S. Johnston himself was badly needed at Fort Donelson, and the moral effect of his arrival there with fresh troops would have been enormous. Such a success would have greatly assisted Van Dorn's campaign, and if that campaign had been conducted in the way suggested, on the line from Pocahontas towards Rolla, the forces under Johnston and Van Dorn would have occupied a central position between Buell and Curtis, and might have struck with great advantage at either. That such a coöperation between Van Dorn and A. S. Johnston was not rendered impossible by any material obstacles, or by distance, is clear from the fact that, previous to Shiloh, Beauregard was looking for support from Van Dorn (page 574) on February 21, three days before Van Dorn started for the Pea Ridge campaign, and whilst Van Dorn was still at Pocahontas.

I shall not enter into the disputed claims of General Beauregard and of General A. S. Johnson to have conceived the scheme of the Shiloh campaign. Whoever conceived it, the advance to

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attack Grant where he stood in position was in every respect a sound military operation.

It is curious to see how differently men regard operations in which they have been personally engaged and those in which they have had no special or direct interest. General Grant's own account of Shiloh leaves one the impression that he is conscious that his proceedings there were not militarily defensible. I hardly know of two commanders to whose sound military judgment I would more unhesitatingly commit the following proposition than Generals Grant and Sherman, supposing it were possible to do so, and that it could be put to them regarding an action in which they had not been personally concerned. I cannot do better than state the proposition in the terms, and in what seems to me the unanswerable criticism, of General Buell, given on page 487.

> "An army comprising seventy regiments of infantry, twenty batteries of artillery, and a sufficiency of cavalry, lay for two weeks and more in isolated camps, with a river in its rear, and a hostile army, claimed to be superior in numbers, twenty miles distant in its front, while the commander made his headquarters and passed his nights nine miles away on the opposite side of the river. It had no line or order of battle, no defensive works of any sort, no outposts, properly speaking, to give warning, or check the advance of an enemy and no recognized head during the absence of the regular commander. On a Saturday the hostile force arrived and formed in order of battle, without detection or hindrance, within a mile and a half of the unguarded army, advanced upon it the next morning, penetrated its disconnected lines, assaulted its camps in front and flank, drove its disjointed members successively from position to position, capturing some and routing others, in spite of much heroic resistance, and steadily drew near the landing and depot of its supplies in the pocket between the river and an impassable creek."

Had not the commander of that assailed army positively invited defeat? Is there a syllable in that summary of the facts which does not accurately represent the incidents of the first day's fight at Shiloh?

It is hoped that no one will imagine for a moment that I wish to throw a stone at General Grant. We are all of us liable to human error. The greatest generals have made great, perhaps some of the greatest, mistakes ever made in war. The matter is looked at solely as a question of military study, and, looking so, it would not appear that General Buell's criticism, in the chapter called "Shiloh Reviewed," admits of any good answer. No satisfactory answer is, in my opinion, supplied to it by General Grant's statements on the battle of Shiloh. As a matter of fact, it would seem that Grant and Sherman before Shiloh, like Wellington and Blucher before Quatre Bras and Ligny, were contemplating an offensive, not a defensive, campaign, By coupling together these

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names as I have done, I shall perhaps best show that I am not speaking with any disparagement of Grant or of Sherman.

In both instances alike, the error of taking for granted that an active and able enemy is restricted to one course of action, was severely punished. In both cases alike, it very narrowly missed being fatally punished. In no other way, with, perhaps, the reservation that Grant had not at that time acquired the experience he afterwards gained, can I explain the facts. Grant was avowedly waiting for the arrival of Buell's force to begin an offensive campaign with a united army. By means of his gunboats he had complete command of the passage of the Tennessee. Supposing that it was advisable to make the concentration in the neighborhood of Pittsburg Landing, clearly the right course would have been to cover that concentration by the river, and, therefore, to have retained the bulk of his forces concentrated on the east bank, awaiting Buell's arrival. If it were necessary, as perhaps it was, to secure Pittsburg Landing itself, as a means of debouching on the opposite bank, there could have been no objection, and probably would have been advantage, in having a small, strongly-intrenched position near that point, in the nature of a bridge-head, with its flanks thoroughly swept by the fire of the gunboats. Clearly, if, as General Grant says, the troops required discipline and drill more than work at intrenchments, it would have been easier and safer to impart both to them on the east bank of the river, away from the enemy, than on the west bank within his easy reach.

The accidents and mistakes which occurred in regard to the march of General Wallace's division were only such as continually occur when a change in the position of troops, that has not been previously arranged for and worked out beforehand, is suddenly ordered in any sudden exigency. As an admirable illustration of the kind of method that makes all the difference between success and failure in war, the student should carefully compare the arrangements made for the march of General Lew Wallace's division with the—on the surface—apparently very similar steps taken by Napoleon before Austerlitz, for the due arrival of Davoust's corps. Napoleon deliberately kept that corps away from Austerlitz till the actual day of battle, in a way that might, to a careless student, seem similar to that which left General Lew Wallace within a march of the field of Shiloh. The difference lay in this: Napoleon had been for weeks watching

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closely the movements of the Allies, and had been endeavoring to tempt them to attack him, by not allowing the forces that he knew he could count on for the field of battle to be apparently within reach. Every detail for Davoust's march had been carefully thought out and prepared beforehand. He was destined to arrive on a part of the field where it was important to encourage the enemy to attack, where the enemy's advance must necessarily be slow, and where it was advisable to allow him to secure some temporary advantage. All this had been previously designed.

On the other hand, for days before Shiloh nothing was known of the movements of Johnston and Beauregard. No attack from them was either expected or prepared for. The direction of Lew Wallace's march depended on his correctly interpreting a single loosely-worded order. The very position of his three brigades seems to have been imperfectly known at Grant's headquarters, for the order of march was certainly not made in accordance with their actual position. Time and distance are elements of vital importance in all these matters. Altogether, the more one studies this first day's battle on the Federal side, the more clear it seems that the opportunity presented to the enemy for attack was as favorable as it well could have been. It is hardly necessary to insist upon the point so well made by General Buell in the passage I have quoted, that the risk was enormously enhanced by the fact that this detached and isolated army, unprepared as it was to resist attack, was liable to be driven "into the pocket between the river," which it had so rashly crossed, and an "impassable creek." When the opportunity is presented to a commander for an attack upon any fraction of a hostile army then in the act of concentrating against him, there are two conditions for which he prays. One is that there shall be time and opportunity for defeating the fraction in question before it can be supported. The other is that the position of the fraction shall be such that, when once defeated, it shall be so utterly broken up and demolished that it can render no assistance to the new supporting force which may possibly arrive.

Both these conditions were presented to Generals Beauregard and Johnston when they designed the march to attack Grant at Shiloh. Seeing the enormous change in the whole situation which would have been wrought if the first day's action had been final and conclusive, it is of great interest to consider, from the

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Confederate side, what the circumstances were which deprived them of the success which seemed so nearly within their grasp.

It seems tolerably clear that, had everything been done as rapidly as it might have been, the Confederates could and would have made their attack on Saturday, April 5, instead of on Sunday, April 6, 1862. If the attack had been thus made twenty-four hours earlier than it was, I think nothing could have saved Grant's army from complete destruction. Buell had pressed his march, despite the fact that Grant had not proposed to send boats to Savannah "till Monday or Tuesday, or some time early in the week," and had always written in the sense of his words on that very Saturday in Nelson's camp: "There will be no fighting at Pittsburg Landing; we will have to go to Corinth, where the rebels are fortified. If they come to attack us, we can whip them, as I have more than twice as many troops as I had at Fort Donelson." Considering the state of the rivers and bridges, as described by Buell, it seems impossible that any portion of his force should have arrived earlier than it did. Nothing would have tended to change the conditions of Lew Wallace's march, and, therefore, as far as one can judge, in all probability Saturday would have placed the Confederates in a position even more favorable than they actually were in by Sunday evening; more favorable because on Saturday their final movement would not have been checked by the arrival of Nelson's division.

In all probability, therefore, even on Saturday evening a final attack would have resulted in the capture of Pittsburg Landing itself, and of the powerful force of reserve artillery concentrated there. In any case, that would have happened on Sunday morning, and, as an incident of the fighting on that day, Lew Wallace, committed, as he would have been, to a position on the Confederate side of Snake Creek, would have been cut off from the only bridge by which he could have returned. Attacked, as he certainly would have been, by overwhelming forces in front, flank, and rear, he must have lost his whole division in a few hours. The Confederates, fully aware of the proximate advance of Buell, would, in that case, have had the greater part of Sunday in which to prepare for him. If Buell had attempted, under these circumstances, to attack, he would have done so under the greatest disadvantages. The whole artillery and all the stores of Grant's army would have been available for

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employment against him. He must have necessarily landed division by division, because apparently there was not river transport available for more than one division at a time. No doubt the gunboats would have afforded him powerful assistance, but even with their aid the enterprise would have been one which few prudent commanders would have risked. In all probability, he would have been obliged to gather his forces on the further side of the Tennessee, whilst the Confederates, supplied with all the arms and stores of which they stood so sorely in need, would have been joined by thousands of recruits whom they would then have been able effectively to arm and equip. No wonder that the battle has been looked upon, on both sides, as the turning event of the Western War.

What, then, was the cause of the Confederate delay, which proved so fatal to them? It has been remarked by able officers on the Confederate side that, while nothing could have been more admirable than the conception of the attack on Shiloh, nothing could have been more miserable in all details than the execution. That, I take it, was the inevitable result of the condition of the army at the time. Military training and organization would be useless and, certainly, very expensively purchased qualities, if it were possible that an army of recruits, gathered together in the way the army at Corinth was, should be able to execute a well-prepared plan with all the celerity and certainty which attend the movements of veteran armies. The difficulties which the want of experience, the want of drill, the want of discipline, and the want of a highly-trained staff entailed on both armies, are insisted on at every stage by those who took part in the operations. It is, however, in the movements of attack conducted through an intricate country, almost without roads and very imperfectly mapped or known, that these defects of an army tell most severely. An army in a defensive position, requiring relatively little movement, does not feel them nearly so severely. It was in his thorough appreciation of these facts that, later on in the war, General Robert Lee showed his masterly power of adapting means to ends. He always used Jackson's seasoned soldiers for those wide-reaching strokes by means of which he sought to compensate for the inferiority of his less handy troops. The newly-raised battalions, whom he could not trust to manœuvre, but who shot fairly enough, he placed in position

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where their want of military efficiency was not particularly felt, whilst their strength was evident.

Nevertheless, it is very interesting to note the incidents which, in the mere delivery of orders and in the mode in which they were interpreted, tended to cause delay. The "Notes of a Confederate Staff Officer at Shiloh" (pages 594–603) are in this respect most valuable. General Jordan observes, in a note to page 595: "As I framed this order, I had before me Napoleon's order for the battle of Waterloo, and, in attention to ante-battle details, took those of such soldiers as Napoleon and Soult for models." Now, it is worth noting that, during the Waterloo campaign, Soult on one or two occasions failed Napoleon as a chief of the staff, not in the drawing-up of orders, but in getting them actually delivered and acted on. The whole movement of Napoleon's army on the 15th was seriously hampered because Vandamme's corps did not move in time, owing to his not having received his orders. In the movement on Shiloh, the army was delayed, and the attack was postponed from Saturday to Sunday, largely because General Polk's corps did not march at the appointed time, he thinking it his duty to await written orders. It had, as we learn, been expressly arranged at a meeting between General Beauregard and the three corps commanders that they should march at twelve, noon, on April 3, without waiting for the written orders containing the detail of their respective routes. General Beauregard himself had, when in bed, worked out these routes during the night of April 2–3 "on the backs of telegrams and envelopes." As it was likely to take some time to reduce these plans and orders to shape, it had been arranged, as already stated, that the corps, to avoid delay, should at once advance over that part of the route which was well known and had been explained previously to their commanders by General Beauregard. It was promised that complete instructions in writing should be sent them on the march.

But it is clear that, while General Beauregard and his staff believed that all the corps generals had understood that they were to move off without waiting for further orders, General Polk, whose corps was leading, had not understood this. According to General Jordan's own account (page 595), the written circular order to the corps commanders directed "that each should hold his corps under arms by 6 A.M. on the 3d of April *ready to march*,

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with one hundred rounds of ammunition," etc. Now, in a conference of several people it is extremely difficult to be sure that anything which has not been reduced to writing has been understood separately by each of them. Men are very apt to think that everybody else understands what they themselves understand. It seems to me, therefore, that as a lesson of staff-work to be deduced from this experience, which is by no means exceptional, the right course in similar cases would be this: A written memorandum, which could have been drawn out in two minutes, should have been noted by each corps commander to this effect:

"Camp ————————, 3d April, 1862.

"It is to be understood that the troops will move off at 12 to-day, under the orders of their corps commanders, without waiting for further instructions from headquarters. Full instructions as to the direction and mode of attack will be sent in due course to each corps commander en route."

This is not suggested as a censure on the actual course pursued by the staff on this occasion. It is only by the reiterated experiences of this kind which war supplies that we learn to avoid the possibilities of future error. Nevertheless, this case and that of Soult at Waterloo, which General Jordan has taken as a model, are illustrations for all soldiers of the number of points which ought to engage the attention of a chief of the staff independent of the mere correct drawing-up of orders. War is big with instances of the importance of the links which connect the actual schemes of operations with their practical execution by means of the feet and legs of men. All our accumulated experience of this kind points to the great importance—I may say the necessity—of the presence, at the right hand of the actual commander, of a chief of the staff, who should be the general who is next to him in genius and ability in the army. The most important function of this chief of the staff is to see that the strategic and tactical plans of the commander are practically worked out and properly executed. It is all very well to design a brilliant stroke, such as that on Shiloh; but if the men do not actually march at the appointed hour, if a corps like Polk's "somehow blocks the line of march," if, for some reason or other, a corps like Bragg's is moved "with inexplicable tardiness," the best-laid schemes "gang oft agley," as Burns has it.

It is impossible, without a more intimate knowledge of all the circumstances, and of the actual condition of the ground at the time, than those who were not there now possess, not to accept

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as actual fact the statement of General Beauregard that any movement of the three corps toward the field in three separate columns was "an absolute impossibility." (Page 581, note.) I cannot see that Colonel Johnston has in any way upset this statement by the man who, certainly, from all his circumstances, had the best means of knowing the character of the ground. No one would doubt that, had it been possible, it would have been better and more rapid to move by three roads. As the Confederate force scarcely exceeded 40,000 men of all arms, the term "three corps" tends to give rather an exaggerated impression of the crowding that must have taken place on the two bad roads they actually followed.

It is difficult to judge with certainty, and with absolute fairness to all concerned, the conduct of a very complex action of the kind which followed. Nevertheless, I cannot, for instance, agree with General Beauregard that the whole sequence of events shows that, when once in presence of the position, it would have been better for Johnston not to attack. A retreat under such circumstances would have been most demoralizing. All, or almost all, the reasons which General Beauregard advanced at the time for not carrying out the enterprise proved, in fact, to be mistaken. The enemy were *not* "intrenched up to the eyes," as he believed they would be, or intrenched at all. The enemy had *not* been roused by the clumsy recognizance in force made by part of Bragg's corps. To all intents and purposes, the enemy were completely surprised. Nothing shows it more clearly than the contrast between Grant's words at Nelson's camp at Savannah, the previous evening, which I have already quoted, saying that no attack would be made by the enemy, and the letter he wrote to General Buell during the attack (see page 492), in which he states that "the rebel forces," actually numbering 40,000, "are estimated at over 100,000 men."

All that occurred bespoke it the surprise it actually was. The postponement of the attack from Saturday to Sunday clearly deprived the assailants of their best hope of gaining a crushing victory. Seeing, however, how successful the Confederates were on that day, it seems to me that they stood to win more by the attack than by a retreat, which would have brought down on them the united forces of Grant and Buell, untouched and in full power. As General Buell fairly urges, the Confederates, considering the

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extent to which they had been able to re-arm and re-equip themselves, were actually stronger at the end than they were at the beginning of the first day, whilst the Federals had been materially weakened. Moreover, despite all that General Beauregard has urged, as to the impossibility of carrying, before nightfall, the last foot-hold of the Federal Army at Pittsburg Landing with the forces then actually up, it was, as far as I can judge, a case where the attacking general himself ought to have pushed to the front, gathering all the forces he could from every quarter, for a final attack. It was then a question of "neck or nothing" with him to push home his victory. Arrangements could have been made afterwards for the disposal of the ample supplies of food and ammunition captured in the Federal camps. It seems that all the evidence on both sides, as to the situation of things along the river bank, tends to confirm the evidence supplied on this point by Colonel Lockett, who was present on the spot. "In our front only one single point was showing fight, a hill crowned with artillery"; Bragg with his forces on the spot was confident of victory, when he was stopped by a messenger from Beauregard saying: "The General directs that the pursuit be stopped; the victory is sufficiently complete; it is needless to expose our men to the fire of the gunboats."

That seems to me to indicate exactly the condition of General Beauregard's mind. The shells of the gunboats were, according to all testimony, telling upon the far-distant rear of the Confederate forces. They were producing, however, no effect whatever on the front, and did not in the slightest degree interfere with the carrying-out of the final assault. But that was a condition of things in which, from his position at Shiloh, General Beauregard could do nothing. He was very much debilitated by bad health; he had not wished that the attack should be made that day at all; he was occupied with the by no means important fighting which was still taking place on the Federal right; he saw the streams of disordered men who always hang about the rear of newly-raised armies, composed as both those were which contended at Shiloh. He saw the effects of the shells on these stragglers. He does not seem to have realized the importance of pushing the attack home, or the ease with which it could have been made. He failed to see that it was then a question of "now or never." It is clear that not 5,000 men, and those all more or less seriously shaken,

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were available to avert the final collapse of the Federal Army, had the Confederates pushed their victory home. Moments were all precious; they were lost, never to be regained. It is impossible not to sympathize with the exclamation attributed to General Bragg: "My God! Was a victory ever sufficiently complete?" "My God! My God! It is too late!"—*i. e.*, to carry out the attack because of the inopportune order to retreat.

General Beauregard's position during the earlier phases of the battle seems to have been more in accordance with the duties of a general in supreme command than were those rapid movements throughout the day, from point to point, of General Johnston. General Beauregard not unfairly observes, upon Johnston's frequent changes of position, that owing to them he was not able to govern the course of battle at all. As he puts it at page 588:

"At no time does it appear from the reports of subordinates in any other part of the field that, either personally or by his staff, General Johnston gave any orders or concerned himself with the general movements of our forces. In fact, engrossed, as he soon became, with the operations of two or three brigades on the extreme right, it would have been out of his power to direct our general operations, especially as he set no machinery in motion with which to gather information of what was being done elsewhere or generally by the Confederate Army, in order to enable him to handle it intelligently from his position on the field."

It must be remembered that Johnston was the general in command until mortally wounded a little after 2 P.M. Beauregard, though probably better placed for directing the general operations up to that time, seems to have deprived himself of such staff as was left him, and not to have possessed sufficient authority, or sufficient means, to carry out the duties of command which Johnston had so largely vacated. Both Johnston and most of the headquarters staff seem to have been carried away by that longing, which all real soldiers experience, to be engaged in the close fighting line. It is a fatal mistake for a commander to give way to any such feeling, and a good deal of the incoherence in the execution of that day's well-conceived project—an incoherence which has been commented upon by almost all those who were present—seems to have been due to this. Indeed, there was so little unity of intention and direction throughout the day's operations that the absence of any one controlling spirit was apparent everywhere. Staff officers seem to have been going about issuing orders according to their own lights, without the smallest means of ascertaining what General Johnston's wishes actually were, without any clear knowledge of where he was, or even if he were

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alive,—and, as a matter of fact, he was not alive during part of the time I refer to. It was probably, on the whole, the less of two evils that orders should have been given even in this way than that troops should have remained out of action for lack of orders; but the chaos that must have necessarily ensued from all this is obvious. A committee directing a battle is an appalling condition of things to contemplate; but a dispersed committee, not even able to consult together, is a yet more certain cause of failure.

It would, therefore, be very unfair, in my judgment, to make General Beauregard, even after Johnston's death, responsible for the want of direction which is conspicuous in a good deal of this day's fighting. At the same time, it must be admitted that, when the Federals had been driven back, and the stress of battle had manifestly passed on towards the bank of the river, the time had come for the general in chief command to go forward. Had he done so, it does not seem that the battle would have ceased when it did. Had he then appeared upon the scene, the evidence goes to show that the reserve Federal artillery must then have been captured, and that, although the battle had been begun by the Confederates twenty-four hours later than it ought to have been, Buell would have arrived too late to save Grant's army from destruction. As has so often happened in war, the fight on either side was, it seems, considerably affected by the state of health of the two commanders. Had Beauregard been in his usual health, he would probably have ridden to the front between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. Had it not been for the severe fall, from the effects of which Grant was then suffering, probably there would not have been that absence of direction on the Federal side of which Buell speaks.

The numerous graphic sketches which are given of the "Hornet's Nest" are very interesting. The peculiar strength of the position seems to have depended on the fact that the assailants had to move out of cover across a rather narrow belt of open ground, against troops well posted under cover on the further side, the open space being also swept by flanking batteries. There is in the Niederwald, on the site of the battle of Woerth, a very similar clear break in the wood. The fire-arms of 1870 were, I suppose, a good deal more punishing than those of 1862. But this space was not flanked by any batteries; yet the whole German infantry of the XIth Corps were checked at this point,

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and unable to pass because of the conditions I have described. The analogy suggests some curious reflections as to the nature of ground that is most difficult for attacking troops to surmount.

As a student of war, I have endeavored to express, with impartial freedom, but, I hope, without offence to any one, these comments which the circumstances of this very interesting battle of Shiloh have suggested to me. Being in Canada at the time, I followed very closely all the newspaper accounts of it; but its details have never been made so clear as by the accounts from many different quarters with which the *Century* Company have now supplied us. It would be impossible so to reconcile these different accounts as to satisfy all who took part in the action that justice had been done to the views which they advocate upon the responsibility of individual generals for failure and success. I think, however, that soldiers who desire to learn experience from these events will succeed in doing so much better by a perusal of the accounts given by the actors in this great drama, than from any ordinary pleasantly-sounded narrative. After all, it is as individual men, as actual soldiers, that we take our share of duty and responsibility, and the experiences of what other men have actually gone through are interesting, just because they represent the very partial view of a great action which we are, any of us, able to gain. We are able to see better how the swirl and whir of the battle surged round different parts of the field, by having laid before us the statements of what each actor saw and did in the performance of his own part.

I do not propose to touch, in any detail, the part that was played in these campaigns by the naval service on either side; but, for several reasons, very much interest attaches itself to the general scope and method of the combined land and water movements of this War. In the first place, owing to the many wars we have to carry on in wild and distant countries, the bearing of river transport upon military operations is a matter of great importance to our army. The subject is, therefore, especially interesting to us. Then, again, these full accounts of the methods pursued in these great river campaigns are of great value to English soldiers and sailors. Owing to our insular position, all operations of war, outside Great Britain, must necessarily begin with combined naval and military expeditions. It is, indeed,—according to Mr. Kinglake's happy phrase,—on our "amphibious strength" that we depend.

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The magnificent sea-like rivers of the United States, and the essential dependence of the whole scheme of offence and defence, throughout this war in the West, on the retention or conquest of the course of the Tennessee, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Cumberland, and the Mississippi, make the whole character of the theatre of war and its method of special interest to us. The originality and force with which all the resources and ingenuity of a great industrial and commercial people were thrown into the struggle, give to these combined naval and military movements a modern form, unique of its kind.

Each campaign is full of useful suggestions for us, upon the employment of similar means, should we, as seems more than likely, be forced to throw our whole strength into some—not in point of time—distant struggle for Imperial existence. There was, throughout all the phases of the detailed arrangements for this war, a similar originality in the adaptation of means to ends; as, for instance, in the Confederates' use of the bales of wet hemp during the siege of Lexington. I have preferred to deal first at large with these campaigns in the West, because the whole series hangs closely together, while the campaigns in Western Virginia and of the first Bull Run stand out like isolated combats, as far as this part of the history is concerned, and are much more closely connected with the history of the succeeding years. Indeed, as every one who writes of these campaigns in the West remarks, by the time that Donelson, Henry, Pea Ridge, Memphis, and Shiloh had been lost, the Confederate cause in the West was doomed. Vicksburg was more important as the final death-blow to that cause than as determining to which side victory should incline. The struggle for the great rivers was, during the earlier part of the War, almost as vital to the successful establishment of a Southern Confederacy as the defence of Richmond. When this period ended, the whole interest of the War shifted eastward and was concentrated on the line between Richmond and Washington.

Though, therefore, in point of date, the campaigns in Western Virginia and the battle of Bull Run preceded most of the events in Missouri and Tennessee, those campaigns are really the introduction to the history of the later period of the War. I may add that, except for the personal connection of General Beauregard with both Shiloh and Bull Run, and for the effect which was

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undoubtedly produced throughout the West by the Confederate success at Bull Run, the two series of events might almost as well have taken place on different continents, as far as any immediate influence which they exercised upon each other was concerned. The battle of Bull Run—certainly one of the battles of the war which have been most talked about and written about in Europe—would appear, from these accounts of it, to have gathered round itself, hitherto, a large margin of fiction and misconception.

As far as General Beauregard himself is concerned, there is a quaint historical parallelism between the battle of Shiloh and that of Bull Run. In neither was he the actual commander in point of seniority. In both, the actual commander seems to have left to him a certain authority on the battle-field, the nature of which has become the subject of subsequent fierce controversy. In the case of both battles, he succeeded in persuading the commander of forces engaged in a neighboring district to form a junction of both armies in his own district, with a view to crush one part of the enemy's forces, before that part which was in the neighboring district could be brought to its support. In both battles, the commander who so joined him was a General Johnston, though, so far as I am aware, there was not any family connection between General J. E. Johnston, who commanded at Bull Run, and Albert Sidney Johnston, who commanded at Shiloh; nor, to judge by the two likenesses on pages 228 and 542, was there the smallest personal resemblance between the two men. In both instances, the ground over which the battles were fought was much better known to General Beauregard than to either General Johnston. In both battles,—though here we enter upon more disputed ground,—the evidence seems clear that the general arrangements of the campaign had been thought out some time beforehand by General Beauregard, and that the other commander, on his arrival, almost inevitably accepted Beauregard's proposals. In both cases, the scheme of battle was so affected by unforeseen circumstances that at one, Shiloh, Beauregard himself, at the last moment, recommended the abandonment of the attack he had so ably planned, and at the other, Bull Run, where the enemy's forward movement left him no choice in that matter, his designed attack was converted into an almost purely defensive battle, carried out by a part only of the forces at his disposal. In both battles, taking account only of the first day's action at Shiloh, in-

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cidents occurred toward the end of the day which shook men's confidence in the man who had had the most share in the general planning of the campaign. In both battles, with whatever difference of cause and circumstance, those incidents were connected with a supposed too early stopping of the battle, and failure to drive the enemy to complete and final destruction. In both battles, General Beauregard attributed this early stopping of the action to the fatigue and exhaustion of his men, and to his want of food and ammunition for them. In both campaigns, he complained bitterly that he had not been supported properly by the civil authorities at Richmond. These analogies afford some food for reflection, and I leave readers to draw from them their own conclusions, which will probably differ not a little. The corrections which are supplied to the popularly-received account of Bull Run all seem to tend in the direction of substituting a picture of battle truly representative of what war really is for the kind of imaginative ideal of a battle which people at a distance love to create for themselves. General Beauregard says (page 216):

"It was a point made at the time, at the North, that, just as the Confederate troops were about to break and flee, the Federal troops anticipated them by doing so, being struck into this precipitation by the arrival on their flank of the Shenandoah forces marching from railroad trains halted en route with that aim—errors that have been repeated by a number of writers, and by an ambitious, but superficial, French author."

I am sorry to say that the error has been freely repeated by English as well as by French authors, and has even crept into some of our best-known text-books. The matter is of some importance, because it gives a false conception of the possible use of railways in war. It looks very pretty to draw a line of railway running at right angles to an enemy's line of advances, and to represent troops getting out of the trains and coming straight away from them to strike the exposed flank of the enemy. In the case of a pure infantry force, this might be possible, if it had been thought out beforehand. Very rarely indeed would it be possible for cavalry, and still more rarely for artillery. Moreover, where a mixed body of troops were coming by railway to an assigned railway junction, which, like Manassas, possessed some sidings and platforms provided for their disembarkation, it would very rarely be possible to disarrange the sequence of trains so as to disembark the infantry at some other

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point more important tactically, without disturbing the movement of the whole force, and probably causing much delay in the arrival of the troops upon the battle-field. Now, General Johnston, who actually directed upon the field at Bull Run the troops of Elzey and Early, which troops, in fact, turned the Federal right flank, tells us expressly (page 249) that Elzey, who arrived first with three infantry battalions, came from "Manassas Junction." Early, who came next, arrived with "Stuart's cavalry and Beckham's battery." The cavalry and artillery had evidently come up from Manassas, joining Early en route. It is clear that, essentially, this railway movement was purely one of general reënforcement. Manassas Junction lay far away to the right rear of that part of the Confederate line where the battle was actually fought. The overlapping of the Federal right was accomplished by movements made under General Johnston's own orders, advantage being taken of the concealment afforded by the woods near Chinn's house on the Federal right. Of the movements of General Smith, who at first commanded Elzey's brigade, Johnston says :

"He was instructed through a staff officer, sent forward to meet him, to form on the left of our line, his left thrown forward, and to attack the enemy in flank. At his request I joined him, directed his course, and gave him these instructions."

Moreover, the extreme troops on the Confederate left flank, and those which carried out the ultimate turning movement, were, so far as the infantry was concerned, not those which had arrived by railway at all, but Early's brigade, which had been in reserve behind Longstreet and Jones near Blackburn's and McLean's Ford, being, in fact, a part of Beauregard's own army. Thus it is as clear as possible that the important service which the Manassas Railway did for the Confederates was in putting them, strategically, in a military sense, as Beauregard says, "on interior lines" with regard to the two Federal armies of McDowell and Patterson. The really decisive fact of the campaign was the strategical transfer of Johnston's force from the Shenandoah region, unknown to Patterson. The turning of the Federal right was a tactical incident, due in part to the troops which were put at the disposal of the Confederate commander by that strategical transfer of force. In all essentials, the cause of the Confederate success was a movement like that which preceded the defeat of Hasdrubal by the Romans, or like that which preceded the battle

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of Blenheim. Almost all great military successes have these simple actions as their basis. Only, as has been said, it is that which is simple which in war is so very difficult.

Here, as in almost every other instance, the defeat of McDowell seems to have been due to the blunders of the authorities at Washington, acting under the influence of popular opinion. McDowell had fully foreseen the danger with which he was threatened. This is shown conclusively by his making it one of the conditions of his movement that General J. E. Johnston's force should be kept engaged by Major-General Patterson. Nothing can be clearer than this fact—that the Bull Run disaster, which so appalled public opinion in the North, was deliberately prepared for itself by that very public opinion taking upon itself to enforce its demands upon the generals in the field through the medium of its recognized exponents. General James Fry puts this well in separate paragraphs which are worth collating:

"General Scott, who controlled both McDowell and Patterson, assured McDowell that Johnson should not join Beauregard without having Patterson on his heels." (Page 181.) "Northern enthusiasm was unbounded. On to Richmond was the war-cry. Public sentiment was irresistible, and, in response to it, the army advanced." (Page 176.)

Yet, again, after showing how completely Johnston gave Patterson the slip, he says, "It rested, however, with higher authority than Patterson to establish between his army and McDowell's the relations the occasion called for" (note, page 183); and then he goes on to show how the public fear in the Capital of attack by the Shenandoah Valley obliged the Washington authorities to insist on Scott's not only keeping Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley, but actually reënforcing him at the moment when every man was required to reënforce McDowell. Furthermore, if Patterson was to keep Johnston from reënforcing McDowell, it could only be done by steady and persistent fighting. But he had been warned against fighting, lest the Capital should be exposed by want of "caution." *Hence*, as General Fry truly says, "as soon as McDowell advanced, Patterson was upon an exterior line and in a false military position."

To sum up, then, the indictment against the true criminal. Let us clearly understand that the prisoner at the bar is "Public Opinion." This is the case against him. He understood nothing whatever of military principles or the conditions of the movements of armies; yet he took into his ignorant hands the entire

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conduct of this part of the war. Without even realizing the connection between the several things which he required as a sacrifice to his imagined omniscience, he kept Patterson and all his forces in the Shenandoah Valley for fear lest Johnston should move on the Capital. Then, having deprived McDowell of all possible supports and crowded his camps with picnicking parties, "under no military restraint, that passed to and fro among the troops as they pleased," reducing indefinitely the fighting power of his army, the prisoner at the bar sent forward the unfortunate general and army to meet their fate from the two armies whose union he (the prisoner) had facilitated. Whom shall we hang? This thing, or the fine soldier whose portrait is given on page 170 ? Unfortunately, the number of convictions against the prisoner, and the freedom with which he secures the power to repeat his crimes, are so notorious that there is little use in convicting him. In 1861 he cries out madly, "To Richmond !" In 1870 his mad cry is, "To Berlin !" If only some one would make out a true record of all the crimes with which he has been justly charged, seeing that there is and can be no defence for him, one might hope that perhaps on some future occasion, some one or two of the host that go to swell his power, to tickle his vanity, and to lead his followers to destruction, might pause and consider. Even one or two strong men facing the stampede of an ignorant crowd that knows not where it is going, have often a wonderful power in breaking its force and in turning it aside from ruin. Therefore, it is worth while to seize such occasions as one may, to hold up to this creature, to this self-styled god, a mirror in which it may see its own likeness, and seeing it, and appalled by the image, may cower before perpetrating fresh crime. I doubt very much if the criminal is as powerful or as ignorant in the United States as he is among us. I believe, with Sir Henry Maine, that the creators of your Constitution showed their wisdom mainly in shackling his impatient hands; in at least providing for an appeal from him when he is drunk to the time when he is sober.

I can here only touch upon the first phase of the next fit of madness which, in 1861, seized him in the United States. I have always had a great respect for General McClellan. But to those who, having first caused the destruction of McDowell's army, carried out the next stage of the programme usual in such cases,

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namely, the discovery that McDowell was responsible for all they had done, and decided to replace him by a "Young Napoleon," the graphic details of the campaigns in Western Virginia, under McClellan's leadership, must be painful reading. If General Cox had tried to complete this part of my indictment against the reckless interference of Public Opinion in the conduct of military affairs, he could hardly have worded it more incisively than he has done, in what he himself describes as the "unvarnished tale" of the attack on Rich Mountain, and in his description of the mode in which it led to its one important consequence—the promotion of McClellan to the command of the Potomac Army. It would not be unfair to sum it up thus: McClellan arranged to detach a small turning force under Rosecrans to attack a flank of Rich Mountain. The success of such a movement ordinarily depends on the vigor with which other forces combine in the attack, and on the support afforded to the small turning force, which is otherwise dangerously risked. McClellan had undertaken to attack vigorously as soon as Rosecrans was heard to be in action. "The noise of the engagement had been heard in McClellan's camp, and he formed his troops to attack, but the long continuance of the cannonade, and some sign of exultation in Pegrans's camp, seem to have made him think that Rosecrans had been repulsed." Therefore, McClellan did nothing whatever; meantime Rosecrans, who had planned his own movement, and had volunteered for it, had, by extraordinary good fortune and good management, succeeded in carrying the whole position entirely with his own force. Thereupon the defence of the remainder of the Mountain collapsed. "On McClellan's part," beyond a rather timidly-conducted pursuit, "nothing further was attempted." McClellan, however, published a dispatch in which he congratulated his troops on having "annihilated two armies, commanded by educated and experienced soldiers, intrenched in mountain fortresses fortified at their leisure." "The country was," we are told, "eager for good news, and took it as literally true." Whereupon McClellan was photographed in the Napoleonic attitude, and duly promoted to the command of the Potomac Army, to be dealt with afterwards according to the time-honored fashion of that hoary-headed and cruel old rascal, Public Opinion, towards his broken idols.

WOLSELEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE TREE OF POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE REV. DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A HUNDRED years ago it was a new thing in America for the people to be sovereign, and this novelty was such a stimulus that it was thought they would, of course, take eagerly to the duties which it involved. It is interesting and pathetic to read the notions of citizenship which the fathers of the Constitution had. To take from a king and aristocracy all their dignities and privileges, and to give them to the people, was so great a thing that men took it for granted that the people would rise to the occasion and assume the responsibility gladly.

So far as the old New England democracies went, and the habits which had grown up in other regions, where the people had generally managed their own affairs, it was quite safe to rely on their instinct for government and the willingness of every man to do his share. At an average "town-meeting," for instance, everybody in the town was present; everybody, in fact, had some personal interest; or, at least, there was the entertainment to be gathered from an assembly, not very frequent, of all the neighbors. It was not very hard to extend the interest which men thus took in the affairs of the town, and bid them take a similar interest in the affairs of the State. At last, "we, the people," were intrusted with making or approving the Constitution of the United States.

So far the theory went—that everybody would be interested in his citizenship, and everybody would try to prepare himself for his duties. But one has only to read John Adams's private letters home, from Philadelphia to Massachusetts, while he was serving in the Continental Congress, to see that even then he understood very well that the Leaders Lead, and that the great body of the people did not take a great deal of interest in their own public affairs. They were not taking nearly as much as John Adams wished they were. In point of fact, except in some great crisis, like the outbreak of the Revolution or the outbreak of the Civil War, it always proves very difficult to hold up to the mark a very

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considerable portion of the voters to whom is intrusted the responsibility for the oversight of the State. It is so in all countries. I was in Florence, in Italy, in 1859, just after the people of Tuscany had turned out their Austrian rulers. So far as men's eyes saw, every one was delighted with the change. Tuscany was virtually a republic in those days, for the King of Italy had not then assumed the government. It was under that very able leader, Ricasoli. Now, in the fundamental law, the leaders had inserted the *doctrinaire* condition that no election should be valid unless one-half of the assessed voters appeared at the polls. When I was in Florence, they were beseeching the people, by every inducement they could offer, to come and vote on successive Sundays on some matter of administration. And even with all the enthusiasm of new-born liberty, they could not carry out their purpose. That is to say, more than one-half the Florentines were so indifferent to their new dignity that they would not come out and vote in a matter which seemed to be of importance. Every working politician in America can repeat anecdotes of the indifference of a considerable body of the citizens to the charge which, in theory, ought to affect each and all.

How are we going to meet this torpor? It seems to result from many quite diverse causes. First, there are quite a large number of good fellows who say, in an optimistic way: "This thing is all right; nobody oppresses me; my taxes are small, the sidewalks are reasonably clean, and the public lets me alone." I remember an accomplished German gentleman, who said to me, after living in this country twenty-five years, that I could not conceive the luxury of living in a land where you had nothing to do with the government, and the government had nothing to do with you. "If I behave myself decently," said he, "I may go from my birth to my grave without knowing there is a government." Now, that man did not know he was unpatriotic. He merely meant to leave to persons who were interested in a certain affair, and who, as far as he saw, took care of it sufficiently well, a matter which they knew about, and which he did not care to know about. That feeling is exactly like yours or mine when we receive the notice that such and such a charity organization, to which we subscribe, will hold its annual meeting for the election of its officers. We know that the persons best informed on the subject will go to the meeting, and that

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they will choose the right officers; we send our contributions to the treasurer, and there is the end. We do not go to the meeting. If there should be a mistake made in the management, somebody will notify us, and we shall go to the meeting, or we ought to; but we do not consider it necessary to go and vote unless such an exigency arises. In point of fact, the analogy between this vote and the duty required of a citizen is very poor, but the illustration does show the habit of many people in the commonwealth.

Another set of people refuse to vote for exactly the opposite reason. These are the men who say that the whole thing is in the hands of a pack of rascals, who are running it for merely personal purposes. Such a man says: "I can do nothing about it. I went to a primary meeting once, and I did not know what they were talking about, or I was crowded into a corner, or I was made to do something which I entirely disapproved." He swears by all his gods that he will never attend to politics again.

And, again, a very large class of people are entirely unable to contribute any valuable element to public opinion, and know they are unable. What does the average American, for instance, know about the Samoan difficulty to-day? He knows what one or two newspapers have told him, perhaps, but he does not know how they learned what they know. At the bottom of his heart, he knows that his opinion, yes or no, on the matter, is not worth a straw. So far as this man has any conscience, he refrains from expressing an opinion which he knows is worth nothing. This is an attitude of mind which the newspaper writers do not understand. Being themselves omniscient, and each one of them absolutely well acquainted with all truth from the beginning, ready for the precise statement of every fact, and quite unable to make any error in announcing it, they have no charity for people not as well informed as themselves. All the same, there exists such a class of people, and they make an important factor in the body of citizens who do not attend to the duty of voting.

In truth, however, the business of voting is only a small part of the duty of a good citizen in a Republic. It seems impossible to make the writers or readers on the other side of the Atlantic understand this. That is the reason why all their republics, except that of Switzerland, fare so badly as they do. But here a good citizen does his duty in a thousand ways outside of elections, —and he might well cut his throat or hang himself if he thought

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that what he did at an election was the most important part of his duty to the State. The people we choose at elections are the people's servants in a very pathetic sense. This is no statement of a demagogue; it is the simple statement of the truth that public opinion governs the country. "The people is wiser than any man of the people." Mr. Bryce has found this out, being, so far as I remember, the only Englishman who ever did find it out, and the knowledge of it adds very largely to the interest and value of his fascinating book.

The business of a citizen, then, consists very largely in what he can do in the right moulding of public opinion. This he does all the time; in the street-cars he may do it; he may do it in waltzing in the german; he may do it in his pew at church; he may do it as he talks with the foreman in the mill. The public opinion of the country is improved in proportion as he does it, and the country is the better governed. And the really valuable magistrates and officers in this Republic are, invariably, men who are in close connection with all sorts of people, who have that delicate touch by which they find out what the people means to have done, and then, with promptness and willingness, do it. This means that we are still, on the whole, Saxons, governing ourselves; and not Kelts, led by the hands of clans.

All this is a long preface, to show how important it has become, in our time, that the science of citizenship should be studied, and the methods for the training of citizens improved. I have been, for a quarter of a century, greatly interested in observing how steadily the boys at college commencements, in their exhibition parts, discuss the questions of citizenship, and the way in which they shall learn how to carry out its duties. At bottom, the poor fellows are pretty clear that they do not know. They do know that right is right, that God reigns somewhere, and it would be well if he should reign here; and they mean to put in their work on his side; but on graduation day, always excepting the supremely-conceited ones, they have come so far that they do not know where or how they are to strike in. This seems to me to show that the colleges have not been much more successful than the Argus-eyed Press has been in the training of citizens. This is certain—that nearly fifty per cent of the citizens interest themselves very little in average elections, and, indeed, on some question of vital importance, if it stand by itself, you find it

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hard to interest ten per cent of the members of any community. A few years ago, for instance, an admirable sanitary movement was attempted in the neighborhood of New York. A number of public-spirited gentlemen and ladies did their best to interest the people of the suburban towns in the conditions of health, on which depend the lives, not only of themselves, but of their children. They "hired a hall" in each town—to use the admirable National proverb; they engaged a most competent and interesting lecturer, Mr. Charles F. Wingate, who knows more about the matter than any ten of us do, put together. Now, you would say that the question whether Maud or Tom or Harry should die of diphtheria in the next year would interest a good many people in such a place. But, in point of fact, these excellent persons found very soon that they must be thankful indeed if twenty-five people would come together at once to learn about such a subject. There should have been a stereopticon, or two or three prima donnas, or a juggler with cups and balls to draw them together. Life and death, as suggesting duties to a citizen, were not sufficiently attractive.

Whoever has read Mr. Besant's admirable novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," will remember the appeal which he makes, at the end of it, to the workingmen of England, to use their newly-acquired suffrage for things of value to themselves and their families. It is of much more value to the workingman to have good sewerage in the district where he lives than it is to have Bulgaria governed by a German prince rather than by one from Russia. What is to be hoped for, in training people to be citizens, is that there will come a sense of the truth that their own destinies, the lives and education of their children, their hours of toil, and, in general, the value of their lives, all depend on their own good citizenship and that of those who live around them.

To interest people in citizenship—to show them what a citizen can do and must do, if he means to have life worth living—is the object of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship. Both by the breadth of its plan and by the success it has already achieved it challenges notice. It was formed, now more than a year since, among "all sorts and conditions of men," with no reference to any immediate political object. The half-dozen men who had most to do with its formation were looking far into the future. They are persons who command the confidence of

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the best men in Boston, and they found it easy to enlist a circle of about two hundred men, with a few women, who joined them in the hope, at least, that something might be done. Probably not many of the number had any detailed plan as to what could be done. But it has proved, as it always proves, that where there is a good purpose good ways will appear, and, in the short period of its existence, the Society has demonstrated its right to be.

In the first place, at every quarterly meeting of the Society, the officers take care that there shall be a careful address delivered, on some point of the higher politics, such as may arrest public attention. Thus far, these addresses have been of such a character that they have furnished subjects for discussion in the meeting afterward, and have engaged the attention of the press. If nothing else were done, it is a good thing that, four times in a year, a grave subject of social concern shall be brought before the community, for the discussion of newspaper-writers, breakfast-tables, and, indeed, of everybody. But the Society goes far beyond the natural wish to call public attention to themes of such importance. Thus it has two standing committees,—one on Courses of Study, one on Publications and Lectures,—and in these committees those of its number are at work who take the closest personal interest in its affairs. It is their business to issue such circulars or to engage in such correspondence as may be suggested by the public exigencies from time to time. And they have already begun the publication of careful papers, such as could hardly have appeared without their system.

The first of these, and the most important thus far, is a special report, made last summer, on such books on civil government as might be suggested for the use of public schools. Of these the committee reviewed twenty-six. They gave a short digest of each book and a statement of its plan; they went farther and said whether the book was made well or ill, in such a way that public-school teachers might be really guided in the selection of text-books by their frank and bold opinion. This pamphlet alone, made by half a dozen of the most intelligent men in Massachusetts, justifies the existence of such a society; for it is beyond all suspicion of personal prejudice, and supplies, for school committees and teachers, exactly the information they must have before they can judge on a matter so important. This committee is at work on a catalogue which may be used in the

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purchase of books by public libraries or individuals. There is, indeed, no subject on which the public mind is so little informed as it is on what we may call the literature of American politics.

Another standing committee, also of men who mean work, has in hand the suggestion and arrangement of courses of lectures in different centres, bearing on the study of citizenship. What such a committee can do is well enough shown by what it has done in the last winter in the city of Boston itself. It has occupied the Old South Meeting-House—the same in which Warren delivered his 5th of March address—for a weekly lecture on some subject of city government. Readers should remember that this meeting-house is the place to which the old Boston town-meeting always flowed over when Faneuil Hall was not large enough, and that it is now used, under the auspices of a special society, for the instruction of the people of Boston, young and old, in their own history. The Citizenship Society is on friendly terms with this historical bureau, and has the use, therefore, of the old meeting-house for the lectures on city government. The mere titles of the lectures show how useful such a course may be. They are on "American Cities," by Professor Hart; on "Birmingham," by the Rev. Mr. Cuckson; on "The Model City, Berlin," by Mr. Baxter; on "The School Committee," by Mr. Mawry; on "The Australian Ballot," by Mr. Dana; on "The Government of Boston," by Mr. Sprague; on "Josiah Quincy," by Judge Chamberlain.

We have spoken of this course only for illustration. Similar courses have sprung up in other New-England cities, and very probably elsewhere. There is no need of bringing together a thousand or two people for such a course of lectures; and it has proved, in a good many towns, that the necessity which we have been trying to explain is more and more widely felt, so that sufficient audiences of the very best people have come together for the intelligent study of large social topics. The Citizenship Society puts itself in correspondence with all those persons interested in such courses. It is thus able to act, in a certain sense, as a lecture bureau for those who wish to study the larger politics or social economy. Its agency in this direction also will be larger and larger, and we find it difficult to estimate the advantage which may come from the careful discussion of such themes.

Take the business of city government alone, for instance. It is a matter about which everybody talks and everybody grumbles.

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It is, indeed, to be observed that, if one goes to the average dinner party, made up of the average grumblers who pay large taxes and do nothing about government, he can, with a little craft, make all his friends at the table say one of two entirely different things. He can turn the talk around to democracy, and, if he is wicked enough, he can say slyly that "democracy" is a very popular word, but that really we are speaking without any authority when we say that history has any verdict in favor of democracy, as applied to the government of a nation. "Democracy, you know, worked very well, you know, in the little Italian cities, or in Greece, you know. Within a small radius, and for home concerns, of course, it would work well, and you would get such people as Themistocles and the Venetian doges, and the government of Florence. But that is all we know of democracy from history—that it worked very well in such cases as that." And, as the fish changes to the *filet*, or one wine takes the place of another, he can make everybody say: "Yes, yes, that is all we know of democracy,—government of cities,—yes, that is all we know about it." Or he can begin at the other end, and he can say: "Democracy works very well in such communities as John Adams knew, or Sam Adams, where they had no cities; but, of course, you know, they never thought of governing large cities by a popular vote, and all democracy meant to them was the old-fashioned rural population of Virginia or Massachusetts." And all these *vauriens* will assent, just as in the other case; only they now say that democracy is entirely unfit for the governing of cities. Such people only deserve to be laughed at. The sensible people of the world must highly resolve to keep them in their proper places by seeing that every piece of successful administration of cities or nations shall be carefully studied, so that we may know what is the secret of its success.

Our business in America is to "get the best"; and we have only to instruct people, for instance, in the success of Berlin or the success of Birmingham, and we may trust the intelligence of the American people rightly to adjust the lesson. We hope to see the example of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship followed in other States, and we are quite clear that, if such societies can be practically administered, and not left as a mere medium for rhetoric, on the one hand, or pessimism, on the other, the country has much to gain from their activity.

E. E. HALE.

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PERIL ON THE ATLANTIC.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES W. KENNEDY, LATE COMMANDER OF THE STEAMSHIP "GERMANIC."

THE first question that naturally arises in the mind of almost every individual contemplating a voyage across the Atlantic, and more especially for the first time, is, "Which is the safest line?" and then, "What steamer shall I take?"

When one reflects upon the helplessness of a person unaccustomed to the sea, on board of an ocean steamer, it is really not surprising that he or she should experience a certain amount of anxiety regarding this subject; and, when the fact is clearly demonstrated that all who cross the ocean are placing their lives in the hands of one man—the captain; that is to say, as far as human power can control our destiny,—it is, indeed, almost wonderful to see the number of people who embark on our large European steamers with as little misgiving as they would have were they stepping into a carriage for a drive of a few miles.

This, however, is not the case with all who go to Europe. In the course of my experience as captain of an Atlantic steamer, I have witnessed some painful scenes among passengers who have come on board for the first time. One of these was so peculiar that it left an impression upon my memory which will never be effaced.

I was leaving New York in July on one of my return voyages to Liverpool. The steamer was, as it always is at this season of the year, crowded with passengers. About an hour before sailing, a gentleman who had crossed a number of times before and was then going with me, came to where I was standing and begged me to go down to the saloon and see a lady who appeared absolutely crazed with terror. I inquired her name, and he told me. But a few evenings previous I had met her with her husband at the house of a mutual friend, and was very much amused at her en-

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thusiastic description of the pleasure she anticipated on her approaching voyage. I expected to see her come on board in the most brilliant spirits imaginable.

When I went into the saloon and my eyes fell upon her, from my heart I pitied her. Her countenance was overspread with that bluish pallor which indicates extreme terror, and the wild expression of her eyes denoted how much she was suffering. Her husband was sitting by her side, holding her hands in his and trying to comfort her. All she could say was: "Take me home! Oh, do take me home! The steamer will go to the bottom of the ocean and I shall never see my children again."

Several of her friends who had come to see her off were standing near, and as I approached they made way for me. One of the ladies said to her that the captain was coming to assure her that there was no danger to be feared and that everything would be all right. She looked up with such an expression of despair that I could not but be affected by it, and, coming towards me, caught hold of my hand and implored me to tell her if there was any danger of the steamer's going to the bottom.

Placing her in a chair, and taking one near her, I talked with her for some time, and finally succeeded in partially quieting her fears and inducing her to continue the voyage. Looking up into my face, with her eyes filled with tears, she asked if I thought she would get back to her children again. I assured her that, so far as I could see, there was not the slightest danger to be apprehended, and that she need not have any anxiety on that subject. I felt that I must give her all the comfort that I could, for her distress was something pitiable.

She hesitated a while, as if turning the matter over in her mind, and then said that, relying on what I had just told her, she would make every effort to overcome her fright and go with her husband. He, poor fellow, had been standing near us, his face nearly as pale as that of his wife, and in a few words expressed his gratitude to me for the influence that I had exerted in his behalf. As I left them to go on deck, I saw that she was endeavoring with all her strength of will to conquer the excessive fear that seemed to have taken full possession of her.

I am glad to say that I made one of my best passages. We had very little bad weather, and the sea was calm nearly the whole way across. When we reached Liverpool, she came and

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thanked me for the safe and pleasant passage we had made, and said that she would certainly return with me, which she did in the following September.

As I have stood on the bridge taking my ship out of dock when leaving New York, and have seen the passengers on the deck waving hats and handkerchiefs to friends on shore who have come to say good-bye, I have wondered how it was possible that all these people could be so happy and in such cheerful spirits. The gangway had been removed, the rail was in its place, and they were now shut off from all communication with the world. Once out to sea, there could be no going on shore—it matters not how frightened or how ill they may be; here they are, and here they must remain for seven days and nights, and possibly longer if we encounter bad weather.

Many a time when the conditions were favorable I have observed those who were well and able to do so, walking up and down the deck, laughing, chatting, and evidently enjoying every moment. Society restraint had been left on shore, and only their natural feelings appeared to manifest themselves. They took "no thought of the morrow," and danger was a thing unknown. The confidence that the majority of the travelling public have in the commander of an ocean steamer is, indeed, a source of great gratification to him.

During a stormy night, when the sea is high and the ship rolling heavily, the hearts of the timid and nervous ones beat and tremble with fear of some approaching unknown calamity; and visions of all the wrecks of which they have ever heard or read pass before their eyes. I cannot blame them, for they know nothing of the sea and its caprices.

At the same time, if these nervous individuals could but impress upon their minds the fact that under such circumstances there is no real danger, it would save them a great amount of suffering. I am quite willing to admit that it is neither comfortable nor pleasant to awake in the night and find one's self rolling about like an empty cask, and be compelled to cling to the side of the berth with all one's strength to avoid being thrown out on the floor. I do not like it myself, and would much prefer smooth water; but such little incidents will occur, and it is best to take a philosophical view of the matter. One thing is certain, and that is, that it it is far safer to remain

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quietly—I mean, of course, as quietly as possible—in the berth, than to run the risk of breaking one's limbs by walking about the passage ways or in the saloon, as many do.

When on the bridge, taking my ship through a dense fog, I have seen many anxious eyes directed towards me, watching my every movement. There was not then so much laughing, talking, and promenading the deck ; for, surrounded as they were by this impenetrable wall of vapor, even the hearts of old travellers were not proof against a certain amount of fear and anxiety.

Year after year the same families have crossed in my ship, and it has been to me a source of great gratification and pride to see the apparently-unlimited confidence they had in me.

An old gentleman and his wife, formerly of Pennsylvania, both now dead, would cross in no other ship than the "Germanic." They came on to New York one Saturday, expecting to sail with me that afternoon. At almost the last moment my engineer had discovered a flaw in the shaft, and the "Baltic," Captain Bence, was substituted. As Captain Bence, before taking command, had been my chief officer for several years, the old lady had more confidence in him than she would have had in an entire stranger; but when I went on board, just before the ship sailed, to wish them a pleasant passage and see them off, I found her somewhat excited and nervous. Suddenly she turned to me and said : "Captain, I would get right off the ship now and go back and wait for you, but as prayers will be offered up in two churches to-morrow for our preservation while on the sea, it would hardly be right for us to be safe and sound on shore, would it ?"

I assured her that I did not think it would, and that she might feel perfectly secure under the care of Captain Bence.

I have seen so much suffering among some of the passengers during the many years that I have been on the Atlantic that I have often marvelled how the timid ones have ever summoned up sufficient courage to make the ocean voyage. But when I consider the great attractions of London, of Paris, and other Continental cities, I have come to the conclusion that to them it is one of the bitter pills that must be swallowed in order to obtain that indescribable happiness which they ardently imagine awaits them, when, the voyage once ended, they have reached the alpha and omega of their hearts' desires—Europe.

Taking a practical view of my subject, one might reasonably

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ask what would constitute the actual requirements to insure a perfectly safe voyage across the ocean. The first thing to be considered is the ship. By my own experience and observation I am convinced that a steamer can be so constructed that, in the event of a collision with another, it would be an impossibility to sink her; and herein lies the chief danger.

Every one who is familiar with the conformation of steamships cannot but acknowledge that those belonging to the first-class lines now crossing the Atlantic are, without exception, the finest ships afloat. Taking into consideration the vast increase in size and speed of the ships of to-day, compared with those of twenty years ago, the former are, indeed, marvels of marine architecture, and reflect great credit on the skill and ingenuity of the designers.

When I made my first voyage to New York, in 1864, I sailed in the Cunard steamer "China." She was about one-half the size of the "Umbria" and "Etruria," but at that time was considered one of the wonders of the age. What would be the general opinion of the public to-day when comparing her with the two I have just mentioned?

Although the freight and passenger trade between Europe and America during the past few years has grown to such dimensions that the demand for larger and faster steamers has become imperative, until the advent of the "City of New York," of the Inman Line, in August, 1888, very little of importance had been accomplished in making them safer than the ships of former years. It is true that, as they have been increased in length, additional athwart-ship bulkheads have been provided, separating the hulls into so-called water-tight compartments. These have been considered all that were requisite to insure perfect safety.

The loss of the Cunard steamer "Oregon" off Fire Island, a few years since, clearly demonstrates to every one that these bulkheads dividing the ship into compartments do not make her perfectly safe and unsinkable; for the "Oregon" was constructed on this plan. It cannot be forgotten that she was struck by a coal-laden wooden schooner, and that only a comparatively small opening was made in her side. The water-tight doors did not prevent her from filling or from going down in twenty fathoms of water.

Could any ship have had a more narrow escape than the "Britannic," of the White Star Line, when she collided with the

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"Celtic," in May, 1887? She was struck by the latter a few inches only abaft the bulkhead of the engine-room. Had this occurred one foot further forward, the bulkhead would have been so seriously damaged that the engine compartment would have filled, and nothing could have saved her from going down in a very short space of time. The engines and boilers occupy the largest compartment in the ship; and this, being in the centre and filled with water, would be quite sufficient to sink her. Added to this, the next compartment aft would have filled, and there would have been no doubt of the result.

So long as there is freedom from collision, all the ships of the present day are perfectly safe; but as such accidents do occur, and when least expected, circumstances have proved that they are no safer than those of twenty years ago.

With all the great improvements that have been made in the last seventeen years, it is surprising that until August, 1888, no better results have been obtained. By the sinking of the "Oregon" it has been proved beyond question that athwart-ship bulkheads are not sufficient to insure safety. The sections between them are much too large and would hold so much water that, if the ship was struck and one of them filled, she would sink so deeply that she would become unmanageable. I have heard the heads of large companies declare that the ships of their line were perfectly safe, and nothing but striking on a rock could cause the loss of one of them. My experience has led me to think differently.

Many times, when standing on the bridge of the "Germanic" watching her motion, has this subject revolved itself in my mind, and I was then convinced that a ship could be so designed and constructed that, under ordinary conditions, it would be impossible to sink her.

When the ships of the White Star Line first started in 1872, they caused a great deal of excitement and comment among the other steamship companies and the public in general. They were an entirely new departure from anything before constructed, and, from their extreme length and narrowness, were considered totally unsafe and unfitted for the trade. Many even went so far as to predict that, in the first heavy gale encountered, these "coffins"—as some designated them—would be broken in two and nothing more be heard of them.

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At that time I had left the Cunard service, and was appointed to the command of the third ship of the new line. The captain of the "Oceanic," the pioneer ship, invited me to go on board, examine her, and give my opinion regarding her. I did so. Even to my sailor's eye she appeared very long and very narrow. After making a thorough examination and observing the strength of the hull, I could not see any possibility of the ships' coming to such an untimely end as had been predicted, especially as they had two iron decks extending the entire length. Although a new departure from the old model, I was convinced that they were equally as safe as any ship afloat. I soon had an opportunity of proving that my opinion was correct.

Notwithstanding that these ships were built on an entirely different plan from any other, very little was accomplished in making them any safer in the event of a collision. The hull was divided into large compartments by means of athwart-ship bulkheads; added to these were the iron decks, which increased the strength of the ships; but nothing was done to render them unsinkable or safe under all circumstances. Even the new ships that were built for other lines, after the White Star steamers came out, had but few unimportant improvements on those of the latter.

When the "Bothnia" and "Scythia," of the Cunard Line, were built, their upper decks were constructed only partially of iron. Before they had run through one year, the company was compelled to lay them up and give them complete iron decks. The German and French lines soon began to add new ships to their fleet. These were similar in outward appearance to those of the White Star Line, and with little improvement in point of safety and speed.

Ship after ship was launched, each faster than its predecessor, but the great problem of making them unsinkable was still unsolved. There was an abundance of life-saving apparatus, such as life-buoys, life-rafts, etc., on board each steamer, and, as the size and capacity were increased, additional life-boats of a new and improved pattern were supplied.

In the latter part of 1875, when in command of the "Germanic," I had an opportunity of witnessing the effect of a collision in the River Mersey between two coasting steamers. A brother captain happened to be with me at the time. After examining the

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crippled ships, we returned to my chart-room and discussed the question of safety at sea. We both arrived at the conclusion that the Atlantic steamers were not as safe as they should be, and that, if they were struck amidships, the consequences would be very serious.

The question which naturally followed was, "How can a ship be so constructed as to render her perfectly safe and unsinkable under all conditions?" With pencil and paper in hand, each of us drew a plan of that which we considered necessary to secure the desired result. When comparing notes, we found our ideas almost identical. We were of the opinion that the hull of the ship should be divided into small compartments by longitudinal as well as by athwart-ship bulkheads, and that the result would be satisfactory. Our plans were submitted to those in authority on such matters, but they were not then considered feasible.

The Inman and International Steamship Company has constructed and launched the "City of New York" and "City of Paris" (both now running), and the White Star Line, the "Teutonic," which will make her first voyage this summer. These are built with hulls divided into small compartments by longitudinal as well as athwart-ship bulkheads, and double bottoms. Judging from my experience at sea, I believe that they will prove a complete success; and should a collision occur and they be struck amidships, they will be found unsinkable and consequently safe.

Although the subject of safety has been occasionally referred to, the question which has appeared most to agitate the minds and thoughts of the trans-Atlantic steamship companies for the past few years is: "In how short a time can a passage from Europe to America be made, and *vice versa?*"

As this question seems to be paramount to all others, it must be universally acknowledged that these large ocean steamers should be commanded by men of ability, experience, courage, and skill. The care and responsibility resting upon the captain of one of these enormous ships are so heavy that, as month after month passes by, and year succeeds year, his expression becomes stern, his manner abrupt, and his general bearing one not calculated, perhaps, to invite familiarity. Has the idea ever dawned upon the minds of the travelling public that, to a certain extent, their lives are under the control of this stern and forbidding-look-

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ing man? Has the thought ever occurred to them that, by one careless act on his part, or by one slight omission of his duty, the ship might sink with all on board and nothing more be heard of her?

And yet there are some among the lady travellers crossing the ocean who appear to imagine that the captain should be as gallant and attentive as a Fifth-Avenue exquisite, and pay them all those little compliments that they are accustomed to receive in society. I am glad to say, however, that all are not of the same opinion.

A lady once told me that, when crossing in one of the large steamers one summer, she was taking a short walk with her husband just before retiring for the night. She had remarked what she supposed to be a young couple, sitting in chairs and snugly covered with rugs, and evidently enjoying a very pleasant *tête-à-tête*. She had not paid any particular attention to them, as such little scenes are not uncommon among the passengers when at sea. A gust of wind happened to raise the covering from the gentleman's feet, and while he was re-arranging it she passed by. To her amazement and horror, she recognized the commander of the steamer. "Captain," said she to me, "I was so nervous and frightened during the remainder of the voyage that, I assure you, I never slept a wink; and I was so grateful when I found myself safe in New York that I offered then and there a prayer of thanksgiving that came from my very heart."

I have had on board the "Germanic" on one voyage, passengers and crew inclusive, twelve hundred and fifty souls, among them representatives of every grade of society, from the millionaire and his family enjoying every luxury that money can procure, to the poor emigrant with all his worldly possessions on his back. During the many years that I was at sea and in command, I never forgot that I was responsible for the lives of the thousands of people who have crossed the Atlantic under my protection. It is impossible for me to recount the number of times that husbands have brought on board their wives and children, and fathers their daughters, to go to Europe without any protector, and, after taking leave of them, have come to me and said: "Captain, I place them in your hands; take good care of them." I never heard those words with indifference, but always accepted the trust in the same spirit in which it was given to me.

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When the weather is clear, the sea calm, and the ship flying along at the rate of sixteeen or more knots an hour, the captain can take some rest and comfort; but as these conditions are, for the greater part of the year, the exception rather than the rule, his duties are heavy and manifold. In a moment of danger he must be quick to think and quick to act. On board his ship he stands alone in his authority; his word is law, and none can dispute it. Many persons think that too much power is vested in the captain; but as accidents usually occur suddenly, there is no time to hold a meeting and discuss what is best to be done: the most serious results might ensue while the question was being decided.

In order to prove the truth of my statement I will narrate one incident from my experience, which took place when in command of the "Baltic" in 1873.

We were about half way across the Atlantic on our passage to Liverpool. I went down to the saloon that day, as usual when the weather permitted, to take my lunch, and was sitting at the table talking with those near me. Happening to turn around, I saw my servant enter the door, and was instantly aware by his agitated appearance that something was wrong.

He came up to me and, speaking in a low tone, so as not to be heard by others, said, "The ship is on fire forward, sir." For one moment my heart leaped into my throat and my blood ran cold. Fire on board ship in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean is no trifling matter. I knew that there was a large quantity of cotton on board, and, as we had but few steerage passengers, it had been stowed in the compartment usually allotted to them, and I realized at once the danger we were in. Not wishing to alarm any one, I quietly laid down my knife and fork, arose from my chair, and went on deck. The sight that met my eyes was appalling. Smoke and flame fully six feet in height were pouring out of the forward ventilators. The hose had been connected and the pumps started. All the men were at work making every effort to subdue the fire, but thus far had made no visible impression upon it. Although no alarm had been given, the passengers soon heard that the ship was on fire, and one and all rushed on deck. They stood pale and terrified, looking alternately at the flames and at me to see what steps I was about to take; but there was no screaming nor any sign of a panic.

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I soon discovered that nothing could be done through the ventilators and ordered them to be covered with tarpaulins. I then had the hatches removed, to reach the source from which the fire originated. As soon as the hatchway was opened, a dense black volume of smoke arose, followed by flame. The water that was then poured down had not the least effect, and I saw that there was no time to lose if the ship was to be saved.

At the time this disaster occurred she was running before a strong westerly gale and heavy sea. An idea suddenly flashed through my mind and I at once determined to act upon it. I went up on the bridge and, calling to all who were on deck, told them to get under cover as quickly as possible. I immediately ordered the helm to be put to port, bringing the sea nearly abeam. A tremendous wave broke on board filling the hatchways and flooding the deck. Tons of water poured down below, and instead of black smoke issuing from the hatch, I saw a cloud of steam ascend, proving that the fire was under control.

I kept the ship before the wind and sea, and set all hands to work hoisting up bales of cotton. In about an hour they reached the place where the fire commenced, and I had the satisfaction of seeing it very soon extinguished. Although the passengers were very much frightened, there was but little commotion, and I must give them the credit of manifesting wonderful self-control under the exciting circumstances.

The source of the greatest peril to all ships crossing the Atlantic, and that most dreaded by all commanders, is fog. The speed and size of the large steamers in the hands of competent and vigilant men are conducive in many instances to their safety; and were it not for this *bête noire* of the sea, ocean travellers would have little to fear.

The importance of a code of marine signals, simple in its arrangement, for use in foggy weather, cannot be too strongly advocated. A commander standing upon the bridge, his ship enveloped in a dense mass of impenetrable vapor, has but his sense of hearing to depend upon, and can be guided only by that. He stands at his post, every nerve drawn to its highest tension, listening for sounds that for hours do not reach him. At last, from a distance a faint whistle is borne on the air, and he is then instantly on the alert.

He strains his ear to locate the sound, for the fog is so dense

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that he cannot see twenty yards away. Is she a slower steamer than his own that he is overtaking, or is it one that he is meeting? There is nothing in that one blast to give him any information, and he can only wait and listen. He sounds his steamer's whistle once or twice, according as he ports or starboards his helm, and awaits the answering signal. Nothing reaches his ear but the one blast at short intervals. He can only rely on his judgment, and, reducing the speed, keep on the course he has selected.

The sound becomes clearer. The unknown ship is approaching, and he realizes that she is drawing nearer and nearer; so near that his heart is beating rapidly, and he almost holds his breath in the intensity of his anxiety. A dark shadowy form passes so closely to him that for a moment his blood runs cold, and every pulsation ceases; but the danger is over. She has disappeared in the fog, and he can breathe again, for his ship and all on board are safe.

This is but one of the thousands of hair-breadth escapes that have occurred on the ocean which have never been recorded and which will never be known.

This subject is being taken up with apparent earnestness by the American public, but it remains to be seen what the results of the International Marine Conference that is to meet in Washington next fall will be. Will a uniform system of compass fog-signals be established? or will it be necessary to wait until two of the enormous steamships of the Atlantic crash together in mid-ocean, and hundreds of lives and a large amount of property have been sacrificed, in order to convince the maritime nations that such signals are needed and should be adopted by all steamers at sea in every part of the world?

CHAS. WM. KENNEDY,
Late Commander of the White Star steamer "Germanic."

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EARLY DAYS OF A DRAMATIST.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

It was a great misfortune! The facility with which "London Assurance" was written, and the success following its representation, served to intoxicate and demoralize a sanguine youth in his teens, whose knowledge of mankind had been gathered from fiction impregnating a lively imagination. The enmity of the envious, which he should have regarded as the natural product of his popularity, aroused his resentment and fired his Irish blood. The newspaper press awaited the appearance of his second work, "The Irish Heiress," and his third, "Old Heads and Young Hearts." To neither of these was ascribed the merit assigned to his first comedy; and yet the character of *Jesse Rural*, drawn from nature, seems to be a literary portrait of more value than any of the heartless types of the older and more shallow composition.

Up to this time the two great, and so-called Royal, theatres of London, Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, enjoyed the exclusive right to perform the "legitimate" drama. This privilege, confirmed to them by Royal charter, was jealously guarded. The other theatres were restricted to the representation of melodrama, farce, burlesque; for at this period the line between melodrama and tragedy was clearly defined. Melodrama, or music drama, was, originally, a romantic and sentimental pantomime, with an orchestral accompaniment. Gradually the action was aided by snatches of dialogue, which by degrees occupied a larger space, and snatches of music were interposed; but music was still considered an essential part of this kind of play. When the minor theatres desired to produce a five-act comedy or tragedy, to evade the rights of the "patent" theatres they introduced a piece of

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music into each act; under which transparent pretence they claimed to have melodramatized the work. This silly contest was ended by an Act of Parliament abolishing the monopoly enjoyed by the two Royal theatres. It should be observed that this protection had been confined to London and the precincts of the Court.

The result proved disastrous to the English stage. Its dignity and grandeur had been upheld by these two institutions, which were regarded by the public and by the stage as the Temples of the Art. The great object of an actor's ambition was to be enrolled in the hierarchy of the drama. An engagement at either house was a patent of artistic nobility. On their entablatures were inscribed the great names of the past; from Betterton to Edmund Kean, all the monarchs of the stage had been crowned there; their appearance elsewhere was a condescension; all the distinguished dramatists were associated with Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, where their works had been produced. It was anticipated that the freedom of reproducing the higher class of drama in the minor houses would raise the public taste. It simply reduced the great houses to insignificance. And the results followed so immediately upon the passage of the act that they must be regarded as unquestionable. The important companies of the two theatres were disbanded within two years and scattered amongst the minor houses; some few became wandering stars. Within five years Covent-Garden was extinguished as a theatre and was turned into an Italian opera-house. Drury-Lane was given over to the circus which was soon established on its stage; its name became a by-word.

From that period until the present there have not been in London any companies of tragedians or comedians capable of performing the high class of dramatic works, and no dramatic works of great calibre have been produced. The attempts made by Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre, and the efforts of Mr. Irving more recently at the Lyceum, presented Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean on a pedestal, surrounded and supported by satellites; and Mr. Irving and Miss Terry ornamented by the scene-painter, while their company furnished the background. Turn from these compositions to regard the production of "Richelieu" where Macready, Phelps, Warde, Elton, Bennet, Anderson, Helen Faucit—seven great tragedians—supported the work!

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Again, let us try to remember what important characters have been the outcome of the careers of the two recent dynasties of Kean and Irving. We fail to remember one! These artists have not left one legacy to the *répertoire* of the drama with which their names can be associated as that of Macready is associated with *William Tell*, with *Richelieu*, with *Claude Melnotte*, with *Virginius*, with *Werner*, with *Macbeth*, with *Lear!* These are not comparisons—they are facts. There is only one stern question and true test that can be applied to the dramatist or to the actor, if we would determine the quality of his talents: what characters has he left as heir-looms to the stage and to dramatic literature? He can materialize to the future in that way alone. Shakspere and Molière live, not by the general literary merit of their works, but by the characters they have drawn; they live by the personages of *Hamlet*, *Tartuffe*, *Lear*, *Jourdain*, *Rosalind*, *Sganarelle*, *Harpagon*, *Pourceaugnac*, *Scapin*, *Othello*, *Juliet* and *Shylock*, *Macbeth* and *Richard*.

In like manner, Garrick, Kemble, and Edmund Kean have so associated their names with certain characters that these may be said to belong to them. All dramatic works that afford no such remarkable features are of secondary importance, however excellent in other respects they may be. Thus "Measure for Measure" is, in all respects, a better work than "Richard the Third," but it has not the prominent feature of the personage afforded by the Tiger King; and had Shakspere written only such plays as the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "All's Well That Ends Well," he would have scarcely emerged from the crowd of brilliant dramatists that formed the Elizabethan group.

If any one of the great companies that furnished the last seasons of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden theatres could be available at this moment, the showmen managers of this day would take counsel of *Juliet* and cut it up into stars to make fine the face of the many-citied West. It may be said that aged folks ever incline to magnify the figures remembered in their youth. It may be so. Yet if Edwin Forrest could at this moment appear at Daly's or at Palmer's theatre and spread himself, he would lift the roof off! It is no desire to belittle Zola to consider him a pigmy beside Balzac. Let us, then, acknowledge frankly that in literature and in the arts the products of this age are inferior,

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while its useful discoveries and scientific progress compensate for the manifest decline in other directions.

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In 1843, Mr. Webster, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, finding that the supply of works of the higher class had, as already stated, suddenly fallen off, offered a reward of £500, together with contingent advantages, for the best five-act comedy. The manuscripts were to be sent in anonymously; a motto or a feigned name was to distinguish each work. A judicial committee, composed of literary men, actors, and critics, was formed, to read and decide upon the merits of the plays. Charles Kemble, Planché, Robert Bell, and others consented to serve, and one hundred and one comedies were submitted. Douglas Jerrold and Boucicault were at this time preparing comedies for the theatre. Jerrold asked Boucicault if he intended to compete. The younger dramatist replied that he regarded the prize as tendered to the literary world at large, with the object of ascertaining whether there existed some unknown genius striving for recognition; and therefore he considered himself out of the contest. Jerrold concurred in this view, and agreed with Boucicault to reserve his fire. The choice of the committee fell on a comedy entitled "Moonshine," which proved to be the work of Mr. Charles Gore, the novelist. After careful preparation, this play was produced before an audience, also carefully prepared. The first two acts received a mild welcome; the third provoked that dismal silence preceding an unfavorable verdict, which was precipitated by a voice from the pit (did it come from Horace Mayhew?) pronouncing the word "moonshine" with fatal significance. The comedy was damned. To a question addressed to Planché concerning the hundred rejected works, he assured us that most of them were beneath notice, and the very few containing any merit were inferior to "Moonshine." This failure was quickly followed by the production of "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and of Jerrold's lovely comedy "Time Works Wonders," each of which scored a great success, especially Jerrold's work.

Let us recall another event which occurred about this time. Macready, who was manager of Drury-Lane, accepted a play in blank verse, entitled "Plighted Troth." It was the work of the Rev. Charles Darley, a brother of George Darley, the eminent reviewer and dramatic poet. These gentlemen were the uncles

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of Dion Boucicault, being the brothers of his mother, from whom he had derived whatever talents he possessed. If she could have transmitted to him the nobler and sweeter qualities of her nature, he might have taken a place in Irish literature nearer to Goldsmith. How well he remembers the boyish eagerness with which he ran to her side, eager for her sympathy, and, seated at her feet, read out his day's work. He can hear her low laugh of approval, or her quick dissent, as she pointed with her needle to passages which she questioned, and she was always right; her reproof was a model of tender justice. But let that pass! "Plighted Troth," when read by the group of literary henchmen of Macready, was proclaimed to be a *chef d'œuvre*. Lytton Bulwer, John Forster, White, and the rest sang its praises in the Athæneum and the Garrick clubs. The press published excerpt passages as foretastes of the quality the public might expect. Drury-Lane Theatre was closed for a grand rehearsal; this unusual step increased the excitement. A select audience was admitted to witness this exhibition. It was not called a trial, for to question the forthcoming success would have been to stultify one's self in such an assembly. During that night, and after each act, we broke into groups and gave vent to expressions of delight. Passages were quoted, and, of course, macadamized in the process. Such enthusiasm was unprecedented. Taking aside Robert Bell, the dearest and best of his friends, Boucicault confessed to a jealous feeling that rendered him blind to the merits of the play.

"My dear Bell," he whispered, "I can see nothing in it. The plot appears to me to be stupid, the dialogue inflated; if this play is right, then I am all wrong. And I must be worse than wrong, for I feel I am mean and a fraud, seeing I came here, as I thought, heartily wishful to greet a success."

"My dear boy," Bell replied, "moderate your transports. I am of your opinion. Let us hope the public will not think as we do!"

The next night the play was produced. It was condemned unmercifully. The audience yawned through the first part; they "guyed" the third and fourth, and they yelled with derisive laughter over the fifth. But how is this? Where are those critics, those *dilettanti* who were so enthusiastic only twenty-four hours previously? Here they are in similar groups in the box corridors and the saloons, between the acts, groaning

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over the palpable errors in the work. "How is it possible that Macready, with all his experience, could have overlooked such and such deficiency?" "Why did they not cut that insufferably long speech that taxed the patience of the public?" etc., etc. There was only one spectator who had a good word for the piece, and that was dear, simple-minded, big-hearted Sheridan Knowles. He found merit where the audience could discover only dulness. He thought, doubtless, that Boucicault felt chagrined at this result (but he grieved not very deeply, for both George and Charles Darley had regarded his efforts as those of a runaway schoolboy, who deserved to be whipped back to his lessons). So, as Knowles warmly opposed the public verdict, he simply betrayed his own gentle spirit as he clothed the work with the radiance of his good nature,—and oh, how ineffably lovable that nature was!

One night we visited the Strand Theatre. We were "on the ramble," and he loved the minor theatres. The piece was a commonplace, shallow, old-fashioned melodrama, but Knowles clung to it, laughed, wept, clutched the arm of his companion at the moments of suspense, happy as a child. At last the reluctant dramatist was dragged away, intending to find a passage to the street by the stage-door. We were squeezing our way behind the scenes, when Knowles, striving to catch another glimpse of the piece as we passed the wings, found the *Prince*, played by Mr. Binge, seated on a throne while a ballet was being performed for his royal delectation. Knowles, his face working with unsatisfied interest, reached into the wing behind the throne, and, punching the *Prince* in the back to call his attention, whispered eagerly:

"Binge, me dear boy, tell me, do you marry her in the end?"

"Yes, I do."

"God bless you!" cried Knowles, with a sigh of relief.

Oh! they don't make great men that way now!

At the peril of being set down for a garrulous bore, let us dwell on a little incident that serves to exhibit the modesty of the greatest dramatic poet of our century. His play, "The Bride of Messina," was on rehearsal at Covent-Garden. We were seated on the stage, listening to the second act, rehearsed by Anderson and Moore. It was the gem of the piece. The action took place on Mount Etna, painted by Telbin and Grieve. Breathless with

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interest and admiration, Boucicault turned to Knowles, when the act was over, exclaiming :

"Oh, what a magnificent scene that is between the father and son !"

"Is it ?" replied the old poet dreamily; "but there is a finer one at the back of it. The audience will not be able to hear me for looking at them. Oh, dear heart ! What can I do in front of that ?" pointing to the elaborate painting by the two great artists.

These few modest words contain a deprecation of the over-dressing which since that time has smothered the Drama and turned the poet into a mannikin.

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If the incident of the production of "Plighted Troth" has been mentioned (it was saluted, by the way, as "Slighted Broth" by the wicked), it is to underline the fact that the public, as a mass, possess an intelligence that no individuals, however gifted, can exercise; but when individuals become members of a great audience, their individuality appears to be lost in that curious compound of intelligence we call "the public." So, if the experience of actors and critics be brought to the consideration of a work before performance, their aptitude for misjudgment has passed into a theatrical proverb.

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Albert Smith was a dentist who operated in Percy Street, Bedford Square, where a few scribblers of that day used to squander good things of an evening. He was one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*. Amongst these scribblers were Gilbert à Beckett, the two Mayhews, Tom Taylor, Jerrold, Thackeray, Kenney, Tom Hood, the artist; Dicky Doyle and Mark Lemon. The place of meeting was a small public house, in a by-street behind the Olympic Theatre, kept by Mark Lemon, who was the editor. Some of these, perhaps the most Bohemian amongst those Bohemians, would occasionally carry their pipes to Percy Street. It was to one of these meetings that Boucicault read his drama, "The Willow Copse," by the light of a single tallow candle and of the bright wits of the crowd. At the end of the third act, when the great pathetic moment arrived, when his little audience, breathless with interest, had let their pipes out, the solitary candle, which had dwindled unnoticed into the socket, suddenly

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went out with a hiss and a gobble, deluging the situation with a roar of laughter.

It was at one of these meetings we fell to a discussion of the question how far the occupation of the English stage by French plays would tend to injure and demoralize our dramatic literature.

"One result," suggested Boucicault, "has already been reached. The price of a play in five acts has been until now five hundred pounds. Webster has recently told me that he can go to Paris and take his pick amongst assured successes over there. He can get his choice translated into decent English for fifty pounds. Why should he pay me five hundred for a new piece which may fail?"

This *argumentum ad pocketum* had a brief but brilliant success, until one of the party began to advocate free trade in thought. Shakespere had borrowed his substance from the Italians. Wycherly and his followers had done likewise from the French.

"That is true," retorted the protectionists, "but the great value of our drama lies, not in the stuff borrowed, but in the use it is put to."

"Then go to Paris," interposed Kenney; "take their stuff and put it to better use."

Tom Taylor adhered to this view.

"The Dramatic Authors' Society," shouted one side, "will become a den of thieves!"

"Why not?" grinned Jerrold. "So long as the thief takes enough, he remains respectable. Look at the Stock Exchange and the House of Commons."

Then we all fell to speaking together, in the midst of which uproar John Parry pounded eight chords on the piano and commenced "*Robert, toi que j'aime*" as a solo on the oboe, imitating admirably that squeaky instrument in his voice. The chorus of applause which followed was interrupted by the head of a policeman introduced gravely inside the den.

"Gentlemen," said Albert Smith, under this disguise, "I am sorry to interrupt, but there is an invalid neighbor, whose rest you are disturbing. The lady is on the hall door-step, outside, very drunk, and she complains of your noise."

The truth was that a very respectable old lady, occupying the floor above, had come down to expostulate privately with Smith

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on the uproar going on in his room. She fled upstairs when she heard the words in which he had formulated her complaint.

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Nevertheless, the emasculating influence of the French drama went on, and the ingenious, pretty works of Scribe brought down the robust figure and healthy tone of the English stage to a trivial and effeminate business. There seemed to be no help for it. At the commencement of the career of Boucicault, he devoted himself to the composition of original plays. Such were "London Assurance," "The Irish Heiress," "Woman," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "Alma Mater," and others of less importance, all written before he was one-and-twenty; but the proceeds of them were insufficient to maintain the household, for the success of his first comedy opened his extravagant heart, and nothing would serve but he must have his mother and eldest brother over from Ireland to share his good fortune, which seemed to be boundless. They consented to join him in London for a visit of six months. They remained forty years. The boy was too proud of the burden to feel it, but the racehorse went to the plow with a little sigh, as he put his neck in the collar to work for weekly wages. Sometimes he took a free gallop, as when he wrote "The School for Scheming" and "Love in a Maze"; but these five-act comedies added more to his literary than to his pecuniary credit.

At this time Macready retired into private life. The farewell engagement took place at the Haymarket Theatre, where he appeared in a series of characters most associated with his name. The engagement was not a very remarkable success. Macready was a scholarly actor, an admirable reader, severely good, but lacking personal charm; hard, angular, with a metallic voice, he was fitted for such characters as *Virginius, William Tell, Coriolanus, Werner,* and, perhaps, *Prospero* and *Lear.* But in *Othello, Hamlet, Richard*—in fact, in all the more passionate heroes—he was inefficient. Nature had not cast him for such emotions. However, he might have said with Metternich, "After me chaos"; for after him the influence of the French drama became paramount, and the English drama sounded its lowest literary depths. Charles Kean had assumed the management of the Princess's Theatre with a flourish of trumpets. He appeared in the "Corsican Brothers" and "Pauline," two French melodramas reshaped by Boucicault, from whom he received also

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"Louis the Eleventh" and "Faust and Margaret." These, together with a few revivals of Shakspere, framed to present Mr. and Mrs. Kean, were the only outcome of the seven years' dynasty of the tragedian. Irving, at the earnest request of Boucicault, took the character of *Louis*, and played it, in the humble opinion of the author, with much more force than Kean, while in "The Corsican Brothers" Kean excelled Irving in the depth of his intensity. But it was all inspired by the French. Kean went to Paris to see Ligier in "Louis," and Fechter in "The Corsican Brothers" and in "Pauline." He took it all in, and returned topfull of the character and the methods of the French actors. Irving, it is just to say, drew from no such source.

Amongst the actors of merit left by the school of Macready were Phelps, Anderson, and Gutavus Brooke, the last of the paladins, with whom it may be said English tragedy expired. Brooke failed to impress the London audience, but of the three he was the greatest. In this respect he may be likened to the first of the Booths. Had this erratic genius pleased to return to England in 1833, when the death of Edmund Kean had left the throne of tragedy to Macready, he might have mounted it by his incontestable right. The great tragic poets, Knowles, Talfourd, and Bulwer, had retired or were dead, and no one arose to take, or even to aspire to, their places.

DION BOUCICAULT.

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THE HERO IN FICTION.

BY H. H. BOYESEN, PROFESSOR OF GERMAN IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

SOMETIMES a nightmarish sensation comes over me, that I am living somebody else's life—that I am repeating with a helpless, hideous regularity the thoughts and deeds, the blunders and successes, of some creature that lived ages ago. If heroes of fiction were endowed with the power of sensation, they would, no doubt, be oppressed with a similar consciousness of preëxistence. For most of them have not only their prototypes, but their exact counterparts, in the ages of the past. Environments may change, and are continually changing; and a certain modification in the hero's external guise and speech and sentiment may be the result of what we call "modern improvement." But in their innermost core the characters remain essentially the same. The fundamental traits of human nature, transmitted by inheritance from generation to generation, seem capable of but a limited amount of variation, and it would seem as if the novelists had already reached the limit.

The novel has existed, in one shape or another, from the earliest period of which history has preserved the record. By the novel I mean literature of entertainment; and when the art of writing was still unknown, the spoken story took the place of the written. Bards, *raconteurs*, rhapsodists, scalds, troubadours, ballad-singers, *improvisatori* have at different times ministered, and, in part, do yet minister, to this innate craving for fiction among the classes which are never reached by literature in the stricter sense. Whether there have been found cuneiform novels on the sun-baked bricks of Babylon and Nineveh I do not know; but the fragments of mythological poems which have been discovered suffice to show that the cuneiform equivalent for a novelist

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was not wanting. As for the Egyptians, their ingeniously-elaborate style of writing must have been a sad restraint upon the hieroglyphic novelist when he was inclined to be prolific; and that may be one of the reasons why no hieroglyphic novels have been unearthed in the tombs or temples or pyramids. The king had apparently (if we may judge by the extravagant fictions concerning himself and his deeds which he inscribed upon the public monuments) a monopoly on novel-writing, as on everything else that was pleasant and profitable. The priests worked out his plots in prose and verse, and supplied heroic embellishments *ad libitum*.

Having established this broad definition of fiction, let us take a look at the gallery of popular heroes which the novels of all ages supply. The oldest hero, as well as the newest (if we except the very latest development), is the man who looms a head above all the people. It is the king, the chieftain, the demi-god, whose strength, and prowess, and beauty, physical or moral, thrill the soul, and kindle, by admiring sympathy, the heroic possibilities in our own hearts. Each nation sees its own ideal in this type, and modifies it in accordance with its character. Achilles, though swift-footed, brave and beautiful, is petulant as a child, hot-tempered, and by no means a model of virtue, but, for all that, superb adjectives are heaped upon him, showing that he was meant to be a national ideal. Still nearer to this distinction comes the wily Ulysses, whose readiness of resource, faithlessness, and cheerful mendacity are so remote from Germanic notions of heroism that a modern novelist, if he used him at all, would be compelled to assign to him the part of the villain.

Sigfrid in the "Nibelungen Lied" is, perhaps, the completest general embodiment of the Germanic hero. Sigfrid is, like Achilles, brave, beautiful, and strong, and he is also repeatedly described as swift (*der snelle recke*); but here the resemblance ceases. Even though the story in the mediæval German version may contradict the poet, when he calls him faithful, it is obvious that the potion of oblivion (which the Icelandic version supplies) is responsible for his breach of faith to Brunhild. He is truthful, gentle, forgiving, an ardent, chivalrous lover and a chaste and affectionate husband. He resembles in many respects the Celtic King Arthur,—also a god-descended hero,—but is more warmly human, and less of a faultless prig. In the Icelandic version in

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the Elder Edda, he is wilder, more ferocious, more frankly barbarian. There is a freshness of dawn and a new-born world upon his love for Brunhild—a feature which is most exquisitely preserved in Wagner's opera "Sigfrid," but, beyond a proud truthfulness and regard for his promise, he is not troubled with many modern virtues. As an heroic type, he recurs with slight modifications in a number of the Norse Sagas; and he has been and is the hero of innumerable English, German, and Scandinavian novels. In fact, the romantic school of fiction knows scarcely any other style of hero; and is forced, in order to excite admiration, to repeat the Sigfrid type, more or less disguised, *ad infinitum*. Take the heroes of Walter Scott's novels, one by one (conspicuously Ivanhoe), and what are they but pale reflections of the general Germanic ideal? Tremendously brave, surpassingly strong, extravagantly virtuous, pursued by hostile powers which threaten to overwhelm them, but over which they ultimately triumph,—is not that a fair description of the usual hero of romanticism? Whether he wears doublet and hose, or frock-coat and trousers, he is always the same fellow at heart, and he rarely fails to win, as the prize of his valor, his female counterpart, for whose sake he breaks many a lance in life's perilous tourney. In Mr. Marion Crawford's novels, "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius," I recently renewed my acquaintance with the Sigfrid type in a modernized guise, and in Cooper's "Leather-stocking Tales" he is perpetually recurring.

Another type of the romantic hero is represented by the fairy tale of the Poor Boy who kills the Ogre and marries the beautiful Princess. Boots he used to be called in the English fairy-tale, and in the Norwegian he is called Ashiepattle. In the so-called Romantic Sagas of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries he is a favorite hero. He is of lowly origin, has had no advantages of education, is often buffeted and maltreated by his associates; but by dint of indomitable energy and perseverance conquers all obstacles, and finally marries his employer's daughter, or whoever else the Princess may be upon whom he has set his heart. Of course, if the author is a cruel wretch, with no regard for tender readers, he may vary the *dénouement* by landing the fair lady in the arms of the rich and hateful rival, whom the odious parent has selected for a son-in-law; but then the chances are that son-in-law No. 1 will be short lived, and the loving

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hearts will be united in the last chapter. Dickens is very fond of this Ashiepattle style of hero, and has used him with success in "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," and many other romances. In the French novel, he is the young man from the provinces who comes to Paris in *sabots* and rises to fame and fortune. Daudet has him in "Le Nabab," but though he gets his Princess, he has to content himself without half the kingdom. In fact, the modern novelists, since the death of Dumas *père*, are no longer so lavish of kingdoms, and sometimes, from sheer malice, pursue Ashiepattle and his Princess beyond the honeymoon, and broadly hint that they did not "live happily ever afterward." But that is so reprehensible that I wish it could be forbidden by an act of Congress, or that a tax might be levied (it is such an easy thing to get a tax levied and so hard to get one removed) on every novel that does not end happily.

In the American novel, the Ashiepattle hero is very popular under the guise of the self-made man. Our National history is really a romance of the Ashiepattle among the nations, who beat the British ogre, and wedded the beautiful Princess Liberty, and conquered a kingdom compared with which those of the ancient fairy tales were scarcely worth considering, We have, therefore, a National sympathy with Ashiepattle in his struggles, and demand that his success shall be brilliant and pronounced. It will not do to cheat him out of the fruit of his labor, as Mr. Howells has done in "Lemuel Barker," and Mr. James in "The American," or to develop weaknesses in him which make him unworthy of success, as the former has done in "A Modern Instance," and the latter in "Roderick Hudson." Hardly more commendable is the example of Mr. Howe, who, in his powerful novel, "The Story of a Country Town," made the road to success itself so gloomy and the success itself so modest as not to seem worth the trouble of the pursuit. It is our National comedy, as well as the National tragedy—this struggle of the Poor Boy for the Princess and half the kingdom; and we may be pardoned if we take a more personal interest in the fortunes of the hero than is compatible with artistic impartiality.

A type of hero which is happily rare in American fiction is what Rousseau calls "the grand and virtuous criminal," whom Bulwer domesticated in English literature in "Eugene Aram." The type was popular in Germany at a much earlier period, as

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Schiller had invested it with the charm of his genius in Karl Moor in "The Robbers" and in "Fiesco." The man who wages war single-handed against a corrupt and pusillanimous society—who is forced into the career of a criminal because all roads of honorable utility are closed to him—was a direct outgrowth of the sentimental philosophy of Rousseau, and at different times occupied the fancy of every poet and novelist who came under his influence. The Problematic Character, which Goethe sketched and Spielhagen elaborately studied, is essentially the same type, and has yet an enormous vogue in the German novel. In Spielhagen, the Problematic Character ends his life on the barricades or by suicide, but usually escapes the ignominy of a jail. He is a radical of an extreme type, and labors for the reconstruction of society according to the socialistic ideal.

It will be observed that all the heroes I have so far described have one thing in common. They are all heroic. They loom a head above all the people. The heroic criminal is no exception, for he is meant to demonstrate, not his own depravity, but that of the mediocre herd who are incapable of appreciating his grandeur. The latest development of the novel breaks with this tradition. It really abolishes the hero. It has, to be sure, a central character about whom the events group themselves; but this central character founds his claim upon the reader's interest, not upon any exceptional brilliancy or attraction, but upon his typical capacity, as representing a large class of his fellow-men. This is the great and radical change which the so-called realistic school of fiction has inaugurated, and it is fraught with momentous consequences. The novel, as soon as it sets itself so serious an aim, is no longer an irresponsible play of fancy, however brilliant, but acquires an historical importance in relation to the age to which it belongs. The Germans are never weary of emphasizing what they call *die kulturgeschichtliche Bedeutung des Romans;* and it represents to me the final test by which a novelist is to be judged. Thackeray, for instance, is, to my mind, a far greater novelist than Dickens, because he has, to a large extent, chronicled the manners, speech, and sentiments of England during his own day. He dealt chiefly with what is called good society, and the completeness, the truthfulness, and the vividness of his picture no one can question. Dickens, though perhaps more brilliantly equipped, had no

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ambition to be truthful. He had the romantic ideal in view, and produced a series of extremely entertaining tales, which are incidentally descriptive of manners, but caricatured, extravagant, and fantastic. The future historian, who should undertake to reconstruct the Victorian England from the romances of Dickens, would be justified in the conclusion that the majority of Englishmen during that period were afflicted with some cerebral disorder. He might with equal profit study "Alice behind the Looking-Glass."

Thackeray's heroes, then, derive their chief value from the fact of their not being heroic. Arthur Pendennis, Clive Newcome, Harry Esmond, Captain Dobbin, Rawdon Crawley, and all the rest of them,—how well we know them! How near they are to our hearts! There is a chapter of social history bound up in every one of them. They were in the best sense representative and typical. That was the way Englishmen acted, spoke, and felt during the first half of the nineteenth century. Thackeray's novels are an historical document of unimpeachable veracity. But take the Guppys, Smallweeds, Tootses, Murdocks, Betsy Trotwoods, and Micawbers—how utterly absurd and unreal they seem by comparison! A critic would have to be preternaturally acute to find in them any trace of representative value. Even George Eliot's heroes, though they are psychologically true, have less of the earthy flavor of reality about them than those of Thackeray. They were drawn, primarily, to illustrate a moral law or problem, and they are admirably adapted for this purpose. We know them; but we know them less intimately than we do Colonel Newcome, and Clive, and Pen. Lydgate is typical, both as to character and fate, and so are Rosamond and Sir James Chettam, Casaubon and Dorothea. But they lack the last touch of substantiality which distinguishes such a character as, for instance, old Major Pendennis or the sportive Harry Foker. They would, for the purposes of my hypothetical historian, be less valuable than the very sordid company who are immortalized between the covers of "Vanity Fair."

Any observant reader will have noticed, as a further evidence of the evolution of fiction, that the hero of the modern novel is no longer a gentleman of leisure, whose sole business in life is to make love and run into debt. It was supposed formerly that a hero would have to be high-born, handsome, and rich in order to

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command the interest of young ladies (who, at all times, have been the novelist's chief patrons), and all gifts of nature and fortune were, therefore, lavished upon him. But either the sentiments of the fair damsels must have been misunderstood, or less regard is now paid to them. For the heroes of the most modern tales are apt to be men who are neither high-born nor rich; who have much business of a practical sort to attend to, and write their *billets doux* on half-sheets with the printed letter-heads of their firm. Engineers have especially developed an extrordinary popularity, in witness of which I might cite Ohnet's "Maître des Forges," Daudet's "Jack," Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and a multitude of others. The merchant, the editor, the farmer, and even the reporter and the clerk and the farm-hand are now attracting the attention of the novelist, and they are being portrayed not only in their leisure hours, but in their offices among bills of exchange and boxes, bales and barrels, ploughs and harrows. "The novelist," says the German critic, Julian Schmidt, "must seek the German people where the German people is to be found, *i. e.*, at its labor." And it is not only the German people which is to be found at its labor. The American people has probably less leisure than any nation under the sun, and its novelists, if they aim at realism, must acquire the art of converting the National industries into literary material. Mr. Howells has made an admirable beginning in this direction in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," which depicts a typical American merchant, a self-made man, in his strength as in his limitations. We see the whole life of the man in all its important phases; his pride in his mineral paint; his social insecurity and awkwardness; his pleasure in his horses; his relations with his family. In short, Colonel Silas Lapham is as vivid a reality to us as any of his counterparts around the corner, whom we meet daily, but do not know half so well. Silas Lapham, however, enables us to know them better and to judge them more justly.

I am aware that journalists are disposed to resent the picture which Mr. Howells has drawn of them in Bartley Hubbard in "A Modern Instance." It is, perhaps, possible that Bartley is not strikingly typical as a journalist; but that he embodies a very prevalent type in our National life is, I think, beyond dispute. The unscrupulous smart young man, with a kind of superficial cleverness, but utterly destitute of moral sense—who is there among us

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who does not know him to his cost? There is not an American village which cannot exhibit him in numerously varied editions. I believe that it is also a fact that he is apt to drift into journalism, as offering the shortest and easiest road to the eminence which he feels sure is within his reach.

There is not another American novelist who has apprehended so deeply and portrayed so faithfully two such types of our National life as Silas Lapham and Bartley Hubbard. Mr. James does not know the country well enough to achieve anything so vital in the way of American portraiture, and each new book which he puts forth shows a further alienation from his nationality. His point of view is already that of the American colonist in Paris, London, or Rome, who has learned to be ashamed of his origin. Even such types as Mr. Newman in "The American," and Roderick and Rowland in "Roderick Hudson" (admirable though they be) lack the strong flavor of the soil which delights us in Bartley and Silas. While Mr. Howells appears to be getting a stronger grip on reality, as it fashions itself on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. James soars, like a high-bred and cynical eagle, in the upper air of the best British society, and looks down upon his former country with a sad, critical disapproval. Nevertheless, these two novelists, each within his own sphere and limitations, represent the latest evolution of realistic fiction. Their unheroic heroes are, as a rule, social types; and if (as I devoutly hope) long lives and unimpaired vigor be granted them, they may leave behind them a National portrait-gallery which will repay the study of the future historian.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

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A PERSISTENT NATIONALITY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

STANDING to-day before the dim outline of Orcagna's "Hell" in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, and mentally comparing those mediæval demons and monsters and torturers on the frescoed wall in front of me with the more antique Etruscan devils and tormentors pictured centuries earlier on the ancient tombs of Etrurian princes, the thought, which had often occurred to me before, how essentially similar were the Tuscan intellect and Tuscan art in all ages, forced itself upon me once more at a flash with an irresistible burst of internal conviction. The identity of old and new seemed to stand confessed. Etruria throughout has been one and the same; and it is almost impossible for any one to over-estimate the influence of the powerful, but gloomy, Etruscan character upon the whole tone, not only of popular Christianity, but of that modern civilization which is its offspring and outcome.

I suppose it is hardly necessary, "in this age of enlightenment" (as people used to say in the last century), to insist any longer upon the obvious fact that conquest and absorption do not in any way mean extermination. Most people still vaguely fancy to themselves, to be sure, that, when Rome conquered and absorbed Etruria, the ancient Etruscan ceased at once to exist—was swallowed, as it were, and became forthwith, in some mysterious way, first a Roman, and then a modern Italian. And, in a certain sense, this is, no doubt, more or less true; but that sense is decidedly not the genealogical one. Manners change, but blood persists. The Tuscan people went on living and marrying under consul and emperor just as they had done under *lar* and *lucumo;* Latin and Gaul, Lombard and Goth, mingled with them in time, but did not efface them; and I do not doubt that the vast mass of the population of Tuscany at the present day is

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still of preponderatingly Etruscan blood, though qualified, of course (and perhaps improved), by many Italic, Celtic, and Teutonic elements.

Again, when we remember that Florence, Pisa, Siena, Perugia are all practically in Tuscany, and that Florence alone has really given to the world Dante, and Boccaccio, Galileo and Savonarola, Cimabue and Giotto, Botticelli and Fra Angelico, Donatello and Ghiberti, Michael Angelo and Raffael, Leonardo da Vinci and Macchiavelli and Alfieri, and a host of other almost equally great names, it will be obvious to every one that the problem of the origin of this Tuscan nationality must be one that profoundly interests the whole world. Nay, more, we must remember, too, that Etruria had other and earlier claims than these; that it spread up to the very walls of Rome; that the Etruscan element in Rome itself was immensely strong; that the Roman religion owed, confessedly, much to Tuscan ideas; that Latin Christianity, the Christianity of all the western world, took its shape in semi-Tuscan Rome; that the Roman Empire was largely modelled by the Etruscan Mæcenas; that the Italian renaissance was largely influenced by the Florentine Medici; that Leo the Tenth was himself a member of that great house; and that the artists whom he summoned to the metropolis to erect St. Peter's and to beautify the Vatican were, almost all of them, Florentines by birth, training, or domicile. I think, when we have run over mentally these and ten thousand other like facts, we will readily admit to ourselves the magnitude of the world's debt to Tuscany—social, artistic, intellectual, religious—both in ancient, mediæval, and modern times.

And what, now, was this strong Tuscan nationality, which persists so thoroughly through all external historical changes, and which has contributed so large and so marvellous a part to the world's thought and the world's culture? It is a curious consideration for those who talk so glibly about the enormous natural superiority of the Aryan race, that the ancient Etruscans were the one people of the antique European world, who, by common consent, did *not* belong to the Aryan family. They were strangers in the land, or, rather, perhaps they were its oldest possessors. Their language, their physique, their creed, their art, all point to a wholly different origin from the Aryans. I am not going, in a brief essay like this, to settle dogmatically, off-hand, the vexed

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question of the origin and affinities of the Etruscan type: more nonsense, I suppose, has been talked and written upon that occult subject by learned men than even learned men have ever poured forth upon any other sublunary topic; but one thing at least, I take it, is absolutely certain amid the conflicting theories of ingenious theorists about the Etruscan race, and that one thing is that the Rasennæ stand in Europe absolutely alone, the sole representatives of some ancient and elsewhere exterminated stock, surviving only in Tuscany itself, and in the Rhætian Alps of the Canton Grisons.

At the moment when the Etruscans first appear in history, however, they appear as a race capable of acquiring and assimilating culture with great ease, rapidity, and certainty. No sooner do they come into contact with the Greek world than they absorb and reproduce all that was best and truest in Greek civilization. "Merely receptive—European Chinese," says, in effect, Mommsen, the great Roman historian: to me, that judgment, though true in some small degree, seems harsh indeed on a wider view, when applied to a people who begot at last the "Divina Commedia," the Campanile of Florence, the dome of St. Peter's, and the glories of the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace. It is quite true that the Etruscans themselves, like the Japanese in our own time, did at first accept most imitatively the Hellenic culture; but they gradually remolded it by their own effort into something new, growing and changing from age to age, until at last, in the Italian renaissance, they burst out with a wonderful and novel message to all the rest of dormant Europe.

One of the most persistent key-notes of this underlying Etruscan character is the solemn, weird, and gloomy nature of so much of the true Etruscan workmanship. From the very beginning they are strong, but sullen. Solidity and power, rather than beauty and grace, are what they aim at; and in this, Michael Angelo was a true Tuscan. If we look at the massive old Etruscan buildings, the Cyclopean walls of Fæsulæ and Volterræ, with their gigantic unhewn blocks, or the gloomy tombs of Clusium, with their heavy portals, and then at the frowning façade of the Strozzi or the Pitti Palace, we shall see in these, their earliest and latest terms, the special marks of Tuscan architecture. "Piled by the hands of giants for mighty kings of old," says Macaulay, well, of the Cyclopean walls. "It somewhat resembles

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a prison or castle, and is remarkable for its bold simplicity of style, the unadorned huge blocks of stone being hewn smooth at the joints only," says a modern writer, of Brunelleschi's palatial masterpiece. Every visitor to Florence must have noticed on every side the marks of this sullen and rugged Etruscan character. Compare for a moment the dark bosses of the Palazzo Strozzi, the "*âpre énergie*" of the Palazzo Vecchio, the "*beauté sombre et sévère*" of the mediæval Bargello, with the open, airy brightness of the Doge's Palace, or the glorious Byzantine gold-and-blue of St. Mark's at Venice, and you get at once an admirable measure of this persistent trait in the Etruscan idiosyncrasy. Tuscan architecture is massive and morose where Venetian architecture is sunny and smiling.

Now, Tuscan religion has in all times been specially influenced by the peculiarly gloomy tinge of the Tuscan character. It has always been a religion of fear rather than of love; a religion that strove harder to terrorize than to attract; a religion full of devils, flames, tortures, and horrors; in short, a sort of horrible Chinese religion of dragons and monstrosities, and flames and goblins. In the painted tombs of ancient Etruria, you may see the familiar devil with his three-pronged fork thrusting souls back into the seething flood of a heathen hell, as Orcagna's here thrust them back similarly into that of its more modern Christian successor. All Etruscan art is full throughout of such horrors. You find their traces abundantly in the antique Etruscan museum at Florence; you find them on the mediæval Campo Santo at Pisa; you find them with greater skill, but equal repulsiveness, in the work of the great renaissance artists. The "ghastly glories of saints" the Tuscan revels in. The most famous portion of the most famous Tuscan poem is the "Inferno"—the part that gloats with minute and truly Tuscan realism over the torments of the damned in every department of the mediæval hell. And, as if still further to mark the continuity of thought, here in Orcagna's frescoes at Santa Maria Novella you have every horror of the heathen religion incongruously mingled with every horror of the Christian—gorgons and harpies and chimæras dire are tormenting the wicked under the eyes of the Madonna; centaurs are shooting and prodding them before the God of Love from the torrid banks of fiery lakes; furies with snaky heads are directing their punishments; Minos and Æacus are superintending their tasks; and, in

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the centre of all, a huge Moloch demon is devouring them bodily in his fiery jaws, with hideous tusks as of a Japanese monster.

It would be a curious question to inquire how far these old and ingrained Etruscan ideas may have helped to modify and color the gentler conceptions of primitive Christianity. Certainly, one must never for a moment forget that Rome was at bottom nearly one-half Etruscan in character; that during the imperial period it became, in fact, the capital of Etruria; that myriads of Etruscans flocked to Rome; and that many of them, like Sejanus, had much to do with moulding and building up the imperial system. I do not doubt, myself, that Etruscan notions largely interwove themselves, from the very outset, with Roman Christianity; and whenever in the churches or galleries of Italy I see St. Lawrence frying on his gridiron, or St. Sebastian pierced through with many arrows, or the Innocents being massacred in unpleasant detail, or hell being represented with Dantesque minuteness and particularity of delineation, I say to myself, with an internal smile, "Etruscan influence."

How interesting it is, too, to observe the constant outcrop, under all forms and faiths, of this strange, underlying, non-Aryan type! The Etruscans are and always were remarkable for their intellect, their ingenuity, their artistic faculty; and even to this day, after so many vicissitudes, they stand out as a wholly superior people to the rough Genoese and the indolent Neapolitans. They have had many crosses of blood meanwhile, of course; and it seems probable that the crosses have done them good: for in ancient times it was Rome, the Etrurianized border city of the Latins, that rose to greatness, not Etruria itself; and at a later date, it was after the Germans had mingled their race with Italy that Florence almost took the place of Rome. Nay, it is known as a fact that under Otto the Great, a large Teutonic colony settled in Florence, thus adding to the native Etrurian race (especially to the nobility) that other element which the Tuscan seems to need in order that he may be spurred to the realization of his best characteristics. But allow as we may for foreign admixture, two points are abundantly clear to the impartial observer of Tuscan history: one, that this non-Aryan race has always been one of the finest and strongest in Italy; and the other, that from the very dawn of history its main characteristics, for good or for evil, have persisted most uninterruptedly till the present day.

GRANT ALLEN.

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USE AND ABUSE OF CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.

BY RICHARD RANDOLPH M'MAHON, DEPUTY COMPTROLLER OF THE TREASURY.

"Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honor
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!"—*Merchant of Venice.*

WHEN the Act for the Promotion of Civil Service was passed, the political spoilsmen felt as if highway robbery had been perpetrated upon them. To conceal the real motives of their hostility to the measure, they attacked its "constitutionality," as if they cared more for the Constitution than for patronage and plunder. Their new-born zeal for the "welfare" of that sacred instrument was of such sudden growth that it did not fail of being understood. The Pharisee of to-day is no better than the hypocrite of yesterday.

Honest men, bent upon purifying the public offices and liberating them from the slavery of political influences, laid bare the shameful and shameless methods which had governed appointments in every branch of the Government. Facts and figures were mustered. Pledges in party platforms were quoted. But the politicians would not be convinced. It was like witnessing a serio-comedy to see how many of them came up, all at once, like mushrooms, to arrest this "violation of the Constitution," and defend it from "outrage"—a work for which they were about as well qualified as they were to explore the unsurveyed land in the moon.

Politicians are pompous in their self-importance. The mercury stands high in them. They are like Pau-Puk-Keewis in "Hiawatha"—larger than the other beavers. No wonder, then, they assumed to "defend" the Constitution against Civil-Service Reform, which they are pleased to designate as foreign to the genius of our political institutions and as conducive to permanent office-holding.

The law is neither unconstitutional nor foreign to the genius of our institutions, nor does it foster permanent office-holding.

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Section 2 of Article II. of the Constitution provides that:

"The President . . . shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors . . . and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments."

Wherein does the Civil-Service Law violate the provisions of this section? It is alleged that it limits the power of appointment vested in the heads of departments, and is, therefore and necessarily, an infringement of their constitutional prerogative. What constitutional prerogative of appointment has a head of department independently of legislation by Congress? By the express terms of the Constitution, Congress is made the depository of the power of appointment to be vested in the heads of departments, *but* "the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper, in the President alone" or "in the courts of law." If, therefore, Congress may withhold absolutely the power of appointment granted to the heads of departments and vest it in the President or in the courts of law, may it not limit and qualify such power, or must the grant be absolute, unrestricted, and without qualification? Assuredly not. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that when Congress, by law, vests the appointment of inferior officers in the heads of departments, it may limit and restrict the power of removal as it deems best for the public interests. "The head of a department has no constitutional prerogative of appointment to offices independently of the legislation by Congress, and by such legislation he must be governed, *not only in making appointments*, but in all that is *identical thereto*." (U. S. vs. Perkins.)

Foreign to the genius of our institutions?

The Supreme Court having affirmed the constitutionality of the law, it would seem a vain and idle office to waste arguments in showing how much less than nothing there is in this charge. Is it "foreign" to the genius of our institutions to open the doors of the peoples' offices to merit, and worth, and decency, and honor? Is it "foreign" to the genius of our institutions to make straight the road which leads to posts of trust, instead of winding and crooked ways? Foreign, is it, to the genius of our institutions to do away with a nefarious system of office-brokerage, to wrest the places which belong to the people from the clutches of political freebooters, to make men and women independent of

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"influence" which was calculated to degrade them and debauch the public service?

Unable themselves to make headway against the cause of the people for reform in the public service, the spoilsmen were cunning enough, and, of course, politicians enough, to borrow strength from "our institutions," and conduct their work from on high, as it were, and thus make themselves seen of all men. The fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot wheel, and said, "What a dust do I raise!"

The cause of Civil-Service Reform is the cause of Justice. And Justice is an aggressive virtue. Marvel not, therefore, that they who made traffic of public places fought, and struggled, and vilified when the hand of justice smote them and broke their power. In their exaggerated conceit, they had acquired a legal establishment—these monopolists of the offices!

Of all the evils that ever debased or debauched, the worst evil was the "influence" system, by which offices were purchased and held at a sacrifice oftentimes worse than death. It was worse than the four deadly sins which cry to Heaven for vengeance. It made men and women false; it made them hypocrites; it led to untruthfulness, for no one is wholly truthful who is dependent upon others, as no one can act naturally who imitates others. It weakened all sense of honor, for no one can win honor by "influence." "The winning of honor," says Lord Bacon, "is the revealing of merit and virtue without disadvantage."

"My 'influence' put me in office and *he* thinks I should be promoted," was not, and to this day is not, an uncommon expression in the departments. "My influence" was such a just judge of the qualifications of the contingent being in whom he was interested! And with shame be it said that "my influence" was too often successful in forcing the appointing power to advance the unworthy and unsavory in utter disregard of superior claimants with meritorious records, thereby putting dishonor in opposition to and above honor. Thus was the principle of good government corrupted, the law of justice was subverted, the freedom of the appointing power was destroyed, and his functions usurped. This was *not* "foreign" to the genius of our institutions. In truth it was not.

Under such a corrupt system, what should have been a mark of the highest honor was but the brand of the lowest slavery.

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But the beneficiary of this vile instrumentality, "my influence," became insolent and insubordinate, heedless of obligations, reckless of rules, and defiant of superior authority. And why not, since "my influence" had vouchsafed tranquillity? No wonder it was regarded as worthy of adoration and incense, and the sacrifice of a tender lambkin.

> "O, Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit;
> Namque erit mihi semper Deus; illius aram
> Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus."

Nor does the law foster a permanent class of office-holders.

In 1869, during a visit, never to be forgotten, paid to Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill Place, the myriad-minded novelist, referring, among other things, to office-holding and office-seeking in this country, said: "On the occasion of my visits to America, my first visit especially, I saw, when at Washington, that the members of both Houses of Congress regarded the offices of the Government as their special and individual property. Men crawled over each other like ants, buffeting one another, fighting, wrangling, scrambling for place—all engaged in a common assault upon those whom they were seeking to dislodge and dispossess, all the time cringing and truckling to the politicians who seemed, by undisputed right, to take control of the public places and dispense the Government's substance. The brutality and selfishness which marked the rule of the office-mongers was more disgusting and offensive to decent men than the sway of any bloated aristocracy that ever cursed a nation. It was calculated to contaminate, pervert, destroy sensitive and delicate-minded persons; it was wholly vicious."

And then, laying his hand upon the unfinished chapters of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," the great novelist, replying to my question, said: "It is not the barnacle system or the methods of circumlocution that the people of America want; not the systems which try the patience of the people on this side of the water and call for a lash of scorpions; but a system that will take places from the grasp of tricksters and put them within the reach of all decent men who need not surrender their manhood to gain public employment."

It is now nearly twenty years since these words were spoken, and the recollection of them renews the memories of the gifted author whose golden pen contributed so much to enrich the

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world's store of fancy, whose words brought laughter and tears to so many eyes, gladness to so many hearts, and happiness to so many homes. Dickens, with his omniscient eye, saw the result of the methods which were common in 1842, and as well during his second visit in 1868.

The Civil-Service Law has taken subordinate places out of the grasp of tricksters and placed them within the reach of all who wish to compete, and without the surrender of manhood. So long as the power of removal remains in its plenitude in the heads of departments, no subordinate is likely to become "an aristocratic office-holder." Not a bit of it.

No person receives a permanent appointment under the law. After serving a probation of six months, the head of the department is at liberty to make a permanent appointment or dismiss outright, if the probationer has not come up to the standard. There was no probation under the spoils system—no test, no trial. Appointments were made like deeds, in fee simple.

Here and there is found a loose-tongued and brittle-brained intellect clutching at the law in wildest desperation as "a bloated and aristocratic thing," because it keeps out "the boys in the trenches." Well, suppose it does keep out the boys in the ditches, and trenches, and gutters, and sewers? It is all the more commendable on that account. The work of the people of the United States is not likely to be well done, or done at all, by "the boys in the trenches." If a banking-house or business establishment wants work, it will not turn to "the boys in the trenches."

Who is it that fumes and rails against the law? Not the President; not the heads of departments; not they who are charged with the responsibility of the Government's affairs. Far from it. The clamorings and vaporings come from those who cannot longer use the offices as goods and chattels to pay old debts and incur new obligations.

The law was not in vain. It was a necessity. It came none too soon. Better would it have been, however, had it reached and tested those who were already in the service; for reform, if it means anything, means the righting of existing wrongs. Then would it have reached many a wrong and uncovered many a wrong-doer—authors of campaign poetry and prose, jibers and jesters of Presidential contests, the accessories who swelled the voice of scandal, persecutors and prosecutors of their fellow-

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clerks, whose unobtrusiveness and quiet fidelity to duty made them "suspects," "doubtful as to politics," and therefore legitimate victims of partisan abuse. Having no deserts of their own, they hoped to perpetuate the spoils system, which was to them a necessity. Their very worthlessness was their claim to patronage. They opposed all civil-service reform, fearing that the law might overreach them, and sought to indemnify themselves by questioning the "propriety" of such a thing!

With such as these, public place had ceased to be the post of honor; they shirked duty, neglected trusts, outraged justice, cheated the Government, plundered the people's Treasury. When the law passed, they paid homage to the principles of reform by outwardly professing sympathy with them, hoping that pretences and professions for the future would make up for the derelictions of the past, crying out for civil service to shield them, as the mountains are expected by the wicked to cover them on the day of judgment.

This is the class which should not have failed of being justly dealt with, any more than virtue should fail of its reward. The law should have done away with all mischief and sottishness, and recognized the distinctions of moral good and evil. It is not, however, through any saving clause in the law that such individuals are perpetuated; they are retained mainly by the intercession and influence of those who denounce Civil Service as a "copy of the system which fosters an aristocracy of office-holders," and too often by their superiors, who are unwilling to join issue with the "backers" of their subordinates even in so good a cause as the welfare of the Government, preferring to charge the law with that with which they themselves are chargeable, and for which they alone are responsible.

If the law had been framed to reach backward as well as forward, no violence would have been done; but even-handed justice, rather, would have been meted out to all, the just and the unjust alike; and, under the test of an honest and impartial scrutiny, true merit and worth would have been established, and the unworthy would have been unveiled.

"How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnish'd!"

RICHARD RANDOLPH MCMAHON.

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IN JOSEPHINE'S HOUSE.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE grief of Josephine broods forever over Malmaison. Her gentle, sorrowful wraith gathers no gleam from the brilliant sunshine.

Malmaison, *mal maison*—evil house. What shadow of doom stretched far back into the centuries to give it so fitting a name? There is a legend that the Norman pirates ravaged this region a thousand years ago, and from their bloody baptism it was thereafter always known as the Evil Place.

Pirates of Normandy, splendor of empire, have alike passed from the smiling landscape, leaving, one could almost say, no trace. The high road thither winds among green hills, past old chateaus, well screened with verdure, whose lack of trimness would be a sore scandal to the new wealth of our Manchester-by-the-Sea. Can this highway, so like all the common ways of life, this road with only here and there a traveller, now a man chopping wood by the wayside, now a rough cart driven to its errands of the market, sparsely here and there the commonplace, unconscious faces—can this be the road crowded with brilliant, historic ghosts?

From this high road, pleasant, through a pleasant landscape, but in no way remarkable, you turn sharply through a stone gateway, descend into a meadow, and suddenly are somehow aware, not without a shock, that it is Malmaison. The intense, clear sunshine but intensifies the sadness of the saddest place in the world. It was so bright, so gay, so great. It is so still, so shabby, so insignificant. The house can never have been large or splendid or shapely; but oh! the kings that have gathered here, and the man who dethroned the kings, and the bevy of brilliant

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women who follow in their train! The beautiful park where they wandered at will, looking just as picturesque, in their scant Empire gowns, their big hats, and their broad sashes, as the little Yankee girl who is wearing them so prettily and thoughtlessly to-day—the great park is a wilderness. In the lowland the grass springs rank, dank, unkempt. Great trees still lift themselves, but it is over a desolation. Nowhere is there a sign of living love or care or interest. A group of women and children, not even peasants, but probably some idlers from the village, are sitting, knitting, amusing themselves in thrifty, commonplace way under the shade where once sat Napoleon with Josephine in ostentatious virtue, that the full view from the windows of the *salon* might forestall any possible scandal from his visits to his discarded wife. And yet, possibly, the virtue was not so ostentatious, or the ostentation not so unnecessary, for it is pleasant to know that the stolid little Hapsburg could make the Great Napoleon cut around corners! She could not prevent him from visiting Josephine, but she made it so uncomfortable for him that he was fain to steal off unobserved!

The chateau itself is that most melancholy, most suggestive of sights, an abandoned home. A graystone house of modest dimensions, of the simplest architecture, shabby, shaky, silent. It is simply a long cube, the front door in the middle, one room deep, many rooms long, two stories high. The blinds of the large windows are closed and fastened. A broad ditch around the house is choked with a tangle of weeds. A rattling wooden bridge leads across it to the front door, but the door is locked, and shaking only jars it and seems to show the would-be, but inexperienced, burglar how easily it might be forced.

There is no access. How loud the birds sing, the bees hum! How flaunt the weeds, for even the flowers are weeds—stupid, unconscious things! But you can walk about the house. There is none to say you nay. The thicket on a little knoll behind the house looks attractive and is easily accessible through gaps in the falling fence, and I see Napoleon pacing there in the old, familiar attitude, his hands behind him, brow bent, the slight frown. Then it appears that the rear windows are unshuttered, and without shame the Yankee nose is pressed against a pane of Napoleon's kitchen glass. Hands and feet that learned to climb and creep long years ago around deserted cottages by New England school-

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houses are pulling hard on Napoleon's lilac-bushes and pushing past the imperial sink-rose.

A little more imperial is the high iron fence stretching far above our heads, once brave with gilding of which the pointed pickets still retain a sullen gleam. We peer through the palings and behold a large quadrangular lawn in the rear of the house. The golden eagle of Napoleon still maintains solitary guard over the porch. If one could but enter. If one could but open this gate. Why, it does open! Mr. Dick could have given no wiser suggestion. It is an enclosure, but large enough to be spacious, and beyond its lower entrance, in line with the portico, is a stately avenue bordered with trees. It is a walk that the brilliant generals and the fine ladies must have haunted, and there is a fair vista. The roses are maddeningly bright and fresh and fragrant, springing, climbing, lilting up the high iron fence with their heartless, imperishable vitality. But just by the door-stone, crowding between the threshold, a pretty thrust of slender hare-bells seems only innocent and inoffensive. Newcomers they, who have no cause for tears and drooping. *They* were not there in the old days, when the mistress crossed the threshold and glided across this lawn with her gay ladies, in the golden morning of greatness, or when, a faded shadow, with every foreboding come dismally true, she surveyed her sad domain, a discrowned Empress, a discarded wife, for whom love and ambition could henceforth be but a bitter memory, for whom all personal interest and revenue in life must henceforth be remote as another world.

A man comes sauntering slowly up the long, tree-bordered way, whom a woman near has evidently summoned, and opens for us with a silver key the door of Josephine's house; the home she bought and established in Napoleon's nascent glory; the home she embellished with her presence; to which her warrior was glad to come returning successful from his wars; the home to which she fled with her wounded pride and her broken heart; and where once again, when Josephine was in her grave, the baffled and beaten Emperor came to pause one brief moment between his splendid past and his terrible future.

But few hints are left of what may have been its beauty or its gaiety—a few chairs with the golden *N* still dully distinct; the library with a book-case or two—no books; little economies of space

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hinting the fullness of the room where now all is space and emptiness and dingy neglect and disorder. A few mirrors hang on the walls, but none long enough or low enough to show the full effect of the lovely Empire gowns to the lovely ladies that wore them—mirrors alas! in which Josephine looked to find herself no longer fair. On the walls of grim, dismantled, shabby drawing-rooms, still a few painted gay figures of dancing girls, light and graceful and airily poised as those who have postured their golden dance through the ashen centuries of Pompeii.

This room with the inlaid wooden floor was the dining-room, and this mark is the place of Josephine's chair at table. I can see only a suspicious hole that reminds me of a New-England contrivance where the clang of the table-bell must not be heard, yet there are not servants enough to stand and wait. I trust Josephine did not have to feel around furtively and frantically with her foot under the table for the missing bell-spring when thoughtless ones had enlarged the table for company and forgotten to readjust its human relations.

The billiard-table remains, but without ball or cue, and some maps are still left from the Napoleonic days, and of the room where the Emperor held his councils scarce any decorative hints or tints remain, save the square wooden blocks and the diamond-shaped tiles of the inlaid floor. The rooms open on front and rear, and from both the view is rural and pleasing. From the front windows it may have been enchanting when love and hope and happiness crowned the gentle hills and wandered through the groves.

Up the broad staircase, the simple device of one long, narrow, mean corridor in the rear gives entrance to all the rooms. Modern art would wrestle with itself in agony till it had broken or disguised the monotonous length of that alley, which had nothing to say for itself but its windows. But if Napoleon cared little for corridors, it is easy to see that he had a better eye for clothes-closets than the Medici! The rooms are small, but there are closets in them all, where those fine Empire gowns could be safely hung away from dust and damp and sun. The ends of the water-pipes, left uncovered, give a terrible suggestion of the backward sweep of the plumber's power. The rooms of Eugene and Hortense are very small, and hung with a paper whose good preservation still shows the coarseness

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of its quality. Josephine may have been extravagant, but there is no trace of it at Malmaison. Wherever Napoleon goes, his glory of gilding attends him. Through the palaces of which he possessed himself, Tuileries or Trianons, he trailed his gold and silken beds as magnificently as any Bourbon of them all; just as magnificently and just as profusely as if the brain had not gathered on an iron camp-bed the rest which helped him to their overthrow. Still in the guarded coach-house of Versailles the golden coaches stand side by side, the "Divorce Coach," which bore away the weeping Josephine, no whit less gorgeous than that which bore Marie Louise to her bootless, if not fruitless, marriage. Wives may come and wives may go, but Napoleon goes on forever in his Cinderella's god-mother's pumpkin glory of glitter. But poor Josephine, bereft, abandoned, despairing, chose Malmaison, they say, because its sombre beauty in the deep heart of the wood met her sombre heart with dumb sympathy, and thus she made and kept it sombre for the same mood's sake.

Her grandson, the second Emperor, is said to have restored Malmaison. It is hard to believe it. Her fine pictures, which Napoleon used to chide her for carrying off to Malmaison, instead of leaving them in Paris, where the people could see them, have no more completely disappeared than have the pictures which Louis Napoleon hung in their places; and the punky planking, the powdering plaster, the dust and dirt, may as well be our inheritance from the first as the second Napoleon. It looks as if it had been there long enough for either.

Dearest of all to Josephine in her final retreat was the small chapel whither she betook herself for heavenly solace and prayer for her faithless husband. It is connected with the main house by a passage overarched with glass, so that wind or storm should not bar her from that sanctuary. Its bright blue ceiling, studded with stars, is all that remains to it of beauty or comeliness. All else is a wreck of broken plastering and splintered wood—the unvalued débris of an uncherished past.

Yet if it had been her pride only that was broken, and not also her heart, Josephine had her personal triumphs, even after Napoleon had repudiated her. Through yonder gateway, with gay flashing of cavalcade, came the kings who had crushed the husband, to compliment the wife. For her children's sake, for their future, and for her own dignity, it cannot but be that she

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felt a thrill of pleasure, seeing herself thus reinstated, as it were, before the eyes of Europe.

And I think the Austrian Emperor, "my father," had the good taste to present his tribute by staying away; but the young Russian Czar, tall and handsome, after the manner of his kind, and not so crazy as he afterwards became, and the Prussian King, the "tall, dry-looking fellow," with his magnificent young son, whom we buried the other day as the Old Emperor, the Iron Emperor, with a world-wide sorrow—they paid their royal court to Josephine, and made her table royal once more, not with the dead insignia of rank, but with the living homage of reigning kings. Surely it is not in any woman's heart, least of all was it in the woman Josephine's heart, not to feel a pang of rapture at this fresh, if fleeting, coronation.

But if these kings, so fortunate and so splendid, who had hurry-scurried away before Napoleon, or had fallen at his feet, but who now, banded in defence of their order, had resumed the king business, posturing chivalrously before Josephine, and thus teaching people to respect kings by showing how they respected one who but for a brief hour the shadow of a kingly crown had on —if they could but have known how clearly their victim discerned them, and how contemptuously he would whistle them down the wind from the rock where they meant to chain him! It was not the edge of his sword alone they felt, but the edge of his wit, cleaving through kingly pomp and pose to the essential commonplace of monarchs whose wont it had been for generations to take themselves altogether seriously.

The Emperor of Austria, whose daughter had supplanted Josephine in full confidence that "my father's" word had the rigidity of a law of nature—the Emperor of Austria, stripped of his robes of state and brought to Napoleon's easel, was, with a charming candor that would have gratified Josephine, "though an imbecile, still a religious man and incapable of committing crimes"; a rather off-hand, but substantial, testimony to religion.

The King of Prussia, father of the man we know, is a stern enough and somewhat statuesque figure in the historical and Hohenzollern robes, but in the common light he is but "a tall, dry-looking fellow, a Don Quixote in appearance."

Was he a man of talent?

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"Who? The King of Prussia?" and Napoleon burst into a fit of laughter. "*He* a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. *The greatest blockhead on earth!* I know him well. At Tilsit we rode out every day together. The King of Prussia was *une bête,* and bored us so that Alexander and myself frequently galloped away in order to get rid of him."

A private soldier bored by a king! A man without a name bored by a Hohenzollern!

"The King of Prussia was completely *au fait* as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederick how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. When I went to see the King of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets of various modes. Every day he changed his fashion and put on a different one. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragoon uniform than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom. If the French army had been commanded by a tailor, the King of Prussia would certainly have gained the day from his superior knowledge in that art; but as victories depend more upon the skill of the general commanding the troops than upon that of the tailor who makes the jacket, he failed. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes. Not so his wife. She was a very clever, fine woman, but very unfortunate."

She was that beautiful Louise, the adored mother of the late old Emperor William, whose quarrel with Napoleon all the world has taken up, whose wrongs at the hands of Napoleon her son was supposed conspicuously to have avenged when he overthrew the third Napoleon and marched into defeated Paris and captured Versailles, to be there proclaimed Emperor, at the very centre of French power, glory, and luxury. Yet even in the matter of the beautiful Louise, Napoleon has much to say for himself. He eulogized her. He maintained that if the King had brought her at first to Tilsit, it would probably have procured him better terms.

"She was elegant, ingenuous, and extremely well informed," declared the man who is reported to have insulted her. "She bitterly lamented the war. 'Oh,' said she to me, 'the memory

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of the Great Frederic led us astray. We believed ourselves equal to him, and we are not!' Grief for the losses and the humiliations which her husband and her country sustained may have accelerated her death. But that was not my fault. Why did her husband declare war against me? However, instead of treating her barbarously, nobody could have paid her more attention or respect, or have esteemed her more, for which I received her thanks."

In the broad light of human nature, it is far more probable that the brilliant, patriotic, and ambitious Queen died because she, like Napoleon, had a soul—it is only literal truth, and not vulgarity to say—above buttons; because she saw genius and statesmanship arrayed against her country, and stupidity and frivolity gambling it away, and could by no force of her higher power prevent it. She was quite clever enough to discern not only her King's tailorship, but also that the King, who was not a tailor, discerned it too.

And for continuance of harsh fate, we are told now that even her beauty is not her own in this generation, and that the lovely Richter picture, which has made it a household word even to her kin beyond sea, the gracious, graceful woman, gliding lightly down the palace stairs, a velvet cloak thrown over her shapely shoulders, the lace scarf floating from her lovely neck, every fair, fine feature aglow with sweetness and spirit—alas! it is not Queen Louise at all, but some unknown Berlin fräulein who was supposed to resemble her!

Is it even possible that a Napoleonic insight might detract somewhat from the divinity that doth hedge the late august Emperor? The most imperial figure among contemporary kings might show us that, though the son rightly inherits from the mother and not the father, the soul of Queen Louise skipped a generation, as souls are much moved to do, and reappeared in her grandson, leaving her son to share only the narrower limits of his father's mental domain. In that diary, stolen and sore beset, but cannily fixed against fate, which has lately found its way out from bolts and bars, through devious ways, to print and publicity, the man of iron, the inflexible Emperor, who defied storm and stress, pursued but one aim, put back even death, and touched the heart of the whole human world in his stately solitude and sorrow,—is seen without his triple brass and

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oak, a weary old man, a warrior perforce, caring little for empire, to whom the siege of Paris was a bore, who wanted to be amused and did not see why he should be made to fight; who craved the theatre, and trundled about such a clutter of carriages that the younger Hohenzollern was fain to indulge in what is almost a sneer.

But the younger Hohenzollern, who faced the new time, who saw in the soul's large-visioned way, who so pathetically and confidently owned the future, yet never entered into possession, the Queen Louise's Hohenzollern, fell across the threshold and died beneath the lintels of his inheritance.

The sun is still bright, and the flowers of mid-afternoon are flaunting, but the villagers put up their knitting, and I am reminded that there is a suggestion of malaria in the fame as well as in the name of Malmaison. So we leave the great, the beautiful, the always sad ghosts to glide forever, as long as history shall last, through the silent greenery of Malmaison, and along the pleasant road we go—where else than to the pleasant little village of Reuil, where Josephine sleeps?

Not so gloomy as the house of her living death is the house of her final rest. Through the gorgeous stained glass of the village church the sunshine streams, aslant and golden, penetrating even the dusk chapel where her sad heart lies unthrobbing. A weary weight of marble is piled above it, cold and white, but not so cruel as the burden it bore in life. Eugene and Hortense raised the marble to Josephine, and not far off, but in a crypt below, dark and dreary, lies her daughter and victim, the beautiful and blighted Hortense—a victim all in vain.

"She was *si* bonne," says the old woman, shadow of a shade, who guards these dead and to whom, I observe, Hortense is a dearer name than Josephine. The golden palm of Martinique lies upon the golden cloth above Hortense's tomb, and a golden pelle returns a ghostly magnificence to the feeble candle's glimmer.

"She was lovely even in her coffin," sighs the old woman. "The folds of lace were so soft and pretty, pinned across her beautiful neck and shoulders!"

Ah! but there is a spiritual body.

GAIL HAMILTON.

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ARE WOMEN TO BLAME?

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, ROSE TERRY COOKE, MARION HARLAND, CATHERINE OWEN, AND AMELIA E. BARR.

Is woman the more to blame for unhappiness in marriage?

Does any contributor to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW hope to answer that question finally?

Why, Adam and Eve argued it at the very outset of their wretched married life—wretched, because she was sharp and ambitious and he weak and a glutton. Who was to blame for the result? The dispute has been going on ever since, in almost every household, of every age and nation. How can any new word be said about it?

Because, after all, this partnership of marriage between the man and woman has always been the same in every time of the world and every state of civilization; and the man and woman are the same though their skins be white, black, or yellow; whether they are of royal blood or negroes in a Georgia rice-field. Precisely the same qualities in husband or wife bring happiness or misery under a roof in New York or Philadelphia to-day as in that first city which Cain built.

A prince of the house of Hapsburg—rulers for six hundred years—loved another woman better than his wife and, the other day, put a bullet through his brain to rid himself of trouble. The same story was told on the same day of a Dutch puddler in Cincinnati. The Bible tells us how Rebekah, daughter of Laban, was tempted by jewels of gold and fine raiment to marry a man whom she had never seen and did not love, and how she became a tricky, rapacious wife, and brought misery into his house; and each morning's newspaper tells us the story of some lovely American girl who, a year or two ago, was brought out for sale to the highest bidder, who became a greedy, false wife, and who now

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furnishes entertainment to the public in a hideous scandal and divorce case.

Solomon, even among his swarm of wives, was rasped to madness by one brilliant woman, whose tongue wagged incessantly; so was Socrates; so was Thomas Carlyle. Kind, genial Sir Walter carried through life the weight of a well-meaning, stolid, priggish wife. The same thing was true of Byron, of Goldsmith —it may be true of my reader.

There is no new lesson to be preached on this subject. You never read a tragedy or comedy on the married life of the dark ages the facts of which you could not duplicate in the next street.

It is the same relation and the same man and woman, after all, and the same rules of life apply to them always!

Give to a husband and wife some genuine love, a habit of honest thinking and acting, a little leisure in their lives, and, above all, reverence for a Power higher than themselves, and there will be happiness between them, whether they live in Congo or Chicago, just as there would have been in the days before the flood.

Whether this kind of marriage is likely to grow out of the present conditions of our American social life is the question which concerns us all just now.

We are told that it will not. Newspaper moralists, clergymen, and, above all, English tourists, incessantly bewail the degraded level of domestic life among us. The Nation, they tell us, is given up to the pursuit of money, in order to spend it in vulgar display. Our young people know nothing of love, the fierce, unreasonable, inexplicable passion which has moved the world since time began. They only covet horses, jewelry, establishments. Young girls learn the value of these things when they are children, and are taught that they must earn them by marriage. They are put in training for a rich match, and they know that they are in training. Hair, figure, skin, voice, dancing, French accent—all these things are of importance to the chances of the débutante of making a good match. She is brought out at last like a horse upon the course, with as much *éclat* as is possible to her family. Every step she takes, every triumph, is recorded in the vulgar publicity of the Society columns of the newspapers. If she marries a rich man, she is congratulated in them as having made good running.

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Poor young fellows, of course, have no chance of winning these tid-bits of humanity; they usually are bought by rich old men. Besides, the young men will not marry unless they find brides with dower sufficient to provide them with luxuries. After marriage, these young people, hitherto intent only upon selling themselves, suddenly discover that there is such a reality as love —a force that sweeps down all consideration of money, position, honor. Then follow scandals, divorces, disgrace, unutterable shame.

These are some of the ugly facts brought forward by those who believe that our domestic life is as corrupt as are our politics, and that marriage in this country is rapidly becoming only a matter of bargain and sale, ending in wretchedness.

But are they facts?

These statements may be measurably true of a certain fashionable, vulgar set in our large cities, just as they are true of the same class in London, Paris, or Berlin. If a woman makes amusement and luxury the end of life, she will naturally sacrifice everything else to gain the rank or wealth which commands them. Ethel Newcome is sold here for dollars as in England for a title. In these mercenary marriages the wife is more guilty than the husband, because she sinks lower to gain her end. Love and personal honor usually count for more to a woman than to a man.

Unfortunately for our National reputation, the clergymen and foreign critics, who hold the public ear, are most familiar with fashionable city communities, and are apt to mistake the few thousand men and women who compose them for the American people. Outside of Society in the great cities mercenary marriages are rare. The American *per se*, not the dancing man of Murray Hill or the Back Bay, but the Southern planter, the Western railway man, the Pennsylvania tradesman, seldom marries without a hearty, honest throb of love in his heart. He is, at bottom, too honest and hearty a fellow to sell himself. His traits are manly. He reverences women. He flings his money to asylums, hospitals, schools, with a large, free generosity. Not the man surely to make marriage a matter of barter!

But even in the great, obscure, unpublished mass of people to whom he belongs, it is true that the greed for riches, which is debasing and vulgarizing our whole life, makes many marriages unhappy which at first were based on the purest affection. Here,

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it seems to me, the men are most in fault. As soon as John is bitten by the madness for money, the first thing he sacrifices to it is the time which he has hitherto given to his wife and children. He rushes away to office or shop from the breakfast-table, spends the day there, is glum and silent at home, and carries his business into his dreams. A wife clings longer to the romance of love than her husband. She does not willingly lose the lover in the man who signs checks for her. Neither is it true that many unhappy marriages are due to the silly extravagance of wives.

Extravagance with the majority of us women is an acquired taste. Most of us have a positive relish for small economies, and enjoy the dime which we have saved more than the dollar we have to spend. It is a little niggling virtue, if it be a virtue; but American women have it—a relic of the days when their only part in the household economy was to save.

I am not at all sure, either, that there are more unhappy marriages than there were fifty years ago. There are more divorces, and divorce-bills drag the secret unhappiness to light. I remember, in the Virginia town in which I passed my childhood, there was one *divorcée*, and so rare was the legal severance of marriage in those days, and so abhorrent to public feeling, that the poor young woman was regarded with horror as though she had been a leper. But were there no wretched marriages among the good people who held her at arms' length? no drunken, brutal husbands? no selfish, nagging wives? Nowadays the lax divorce laws bring out all these secret skeletons to dance in the streets.

In our Western States, the consciousness that divorce is easily possible, no doubt, often makes wives restless and insurgent under petty annoyances. When that is the case, it is certainly the woman who is in fault.

In the South, where divorce is still looked upon as a disgrace, and where religious feeling is more stringent than in any other part of the country, the old-fashioned Domestic woman is still to be found. She is gentle; she has infinite tact; she hates a fuss; she knows the art of managing men. I think that she is not often to blame if her home is unhappy.

In some of the New-England States, where the women outnumber the men six to one, it is the hard, lean-natured man who has the game in his own hands. He knows that when he tires of

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the patient, half-fed drudge who has slaved for him so long, he has but to "get a bill" and he is free to woo and marry again. He is not likely to kindle a heartsome blaze upon the domestic altar!

But, upon the whole, I believe that, owing to downright true love, to conscience, and to the sound sense and large good-humor characteristic of the American, the vast majority of marriages in this country are happy.

How can we decide whether the credit of this is due to the husband or the wife?

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

IT is a trite but very true saying that "it takes two to make a quarrel." And in answering the question which forms the title of this article, I desire to premise in behalf of my sex that, if women are to blame for the unhappiness of marriage, men also have their share of that unpleasant responsibility. But this is not the question of the moment; it is simply a *caveat;* and to be true to the facts in the case it must be allowed that women are often seriously and recklessly in fault when the marriage relation is not only unhappy, but disgraceful.

For, *first,* women often marry from wrong and inexcusable motives, and this first step in a mistaken direction leads them all astray and always downward; nor is the descent easy or agreeable. I do not hold to the sentimental and romantic notion that women should marry only from love, for that capricious passion may fasten itself, as too often it does, on an utterly unworthy person, and when the brief illusion is over, the gay blossoms of imagination and the fire-lights of passion all faded, there is left to the disgusted and disappointed woman only a perpetual and ghastly skeleton, not always in the closet. But I do not believe that a woman should marry without love: the degradation of body and soul implied in such a relation not only makes the bond a galling chain, but alienates from the wife any respect or admiration that a husband should feel for her, and rapidly degrades her character in its integral nature.

When a woman marries for money, she puts herself at once on a level with the class of women who are the lowest order of humanity. That her sale of herself is legalized does not alter its real *morale.* She is actually one of the outcasts of her sex in

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heart and soul, however she may try to delude herself with a ceremonial respectability. To a woman who takes this step happiness in marriage is impossible; neither affection nor respect can live in a venal atmosphere, and when these are wanting marriage becomes a dreadful imprisonment for life. The same rule obtains when a woman marries for a home, as that motive is but a modification of the other. Yet how many women sell themselves in both these ways, and then wonder that they are not happy, and therefore revile marriage!

Again, *secondly*, women are unhappy in marriage because they enter into that condition with entirely mistaken views of their relation and responsibility: petted and indulged at home, they expect to be equally indulged and petted by the adoring lover, who in a very brief time becomes the every-day husband, and expects his wife to become, in the language of Scripture, "a help-meet unto him." It would be as easy for an orchid to become a cabbage as for a gay, spoiled girl to become at once a good housewife and an unselfish mother; and the deep and bitter consciousness of this inevitable fact has made many a woman melancholy and fretful—two traits which peculiarly exasperate the average man and make his home a real desert. If our mothers would train their daughters to the ordinary duties of daily life, and instruct them in patience and unselfishness, instead of so-called accomplishments, there would be no need of asking if marriage is a failure.

Thirdly, women make married life unhappy because the average woman is impatient. If things arise in her young experience which are new and painful, she either does battle with them in an ignorant and futile fashion, or yields to tears and despair; she wants "the mills of the gods" to grind with impossible speed, and resents the fact that she must wait months and years for her grist, whatever it may be. She cannot wait for time to allay the waves that beat upon her, or to calm the winds that blow roughly; she has not the sense to reflect that her position is new and strange, and only the attrition of recurrent days can make such a position either easy or agreeable; she resents the thorns on her roses, instead of trying to blunt them, and in her impatient passion pulls up roses and all. Two women cannot live together without patience on both sides; much less can a woman and a man live in peace without this home angel forever interposing its quiet voice.

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Fourthly, women are exacting both by nature and education; especially in these latter days when the whole aim of the so-called "weaker" sex seems to be to arrogate to itself the strength, authority, and capacity of man. A woman who desires to be her husband's equal, not only resents his natural place as the head of the family, and affronts his innate mastery, but because she is really, after all, only a woman, she also demands those cares and attentions that the feminine soul considers its right. No woman, in spite of modern opinion and effort to that end, can fill a man's place in the world or at home. The Creator who made them two separate sorts has never undone his work; and his creatures never can undo it. The primitive intent of marriage was not a "partnership" or a state of "equality," but a headship vested in the stronger party to the contract, under which the weaker party should receive affection, protection, and care; yielding due respect and obedience to this God-given authority. In such an association the woman found peace, security, and happiness; and the man was blessed in a home where he was king and priest, loved and obeyed. Here children were welcomed and nurtured into goodly manhood and womanhood; there was order in these families; obedience instead of emancipation; calm instead of tumult; respect in place of revolt and impertinence.

While a woman exacts from her husband every attention and care and caress that she considers her due, while she wants everything in life to yield to her capricious humor, she cannot expect that he will be contented with her demands, or happy either in giving or refusing. Nor if she exacts from him the treatment due to another man, arrogates to herself the position of a mere business partner, and an equal in every point, will she be able to find happiness in so unnatural an attitude. Either mode of exaction is calculated to destroy the beautiful rest and shelter of a real home, a true marriage.

Fifthly, women are inconsiderate. They are not constitutionally as selfish as men, but they find it hard to understand the nature of men, and judge them by their own standard, perhaps never in a life-time discovering that men are ruled by other laws and motives than those which govern women.

That a woman should be unpunctual, extravagant, given to gossip, seems to her a small matter; but to most men punctuality is a necessity of existence; to be late at their place of business,

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at an appointment, a railway train, a steamer, deranges their whole scheme of life for the time, and the disregard of woman for this one thing is often the beginning of discomfort in the home. Nor can a man's respect or affection last long for a wife who lavishly squanders the money he works hard to acquire; it has a value in his eyes that is the natural result of his labor to obtain it, and he cannot have patience with the reckless hand that scatters without a thought, for purposes of vanity or pleasure, the golden grains he has gathered one at a time. A milliner's or dressmaker's bill is too apt to be the tiny seed from which springs a perennial thistle by the threshold of home. Nor is it conducive to family happiness to have the conversation in those hours when there is any time for family intercourse, devoted to the faults and follies of mutual friends; the "unruly member" has kindled many a fire that has eaten away "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Lastly, women are almost always jealous. It seems well-nigh impossible for the average woman to believe that her husband can admire another woman without being faithless, at least in heart, to his wife. Nor does she stop here. I have known women acridly jealous of their husbands' affection for their own relatives. I have known instances where a wife was deeply incensed because her husband was devoted to his invalid father, though not at all to her real neglect. Mothers are sometimes jealous of their own children; though more frequently they neglect the father of a child openly and persistently for the child itself, and seem to have no longer any affection for the other parent, so deeply are they absorbed in their mutual offspring. Jealousy is a trait that has a reciprocal influence; a jealous woman is "cruel as the grave"; she can neither awaken nor retain affection, and the man of whom she is jealous considers his own unhappiness and her suspicions ample excuse for indulging in the very aberrations of which he is suspected.

Let women give themselves to the cultivation of their womanly virtues; become patient, considerate, submissive, and gentle; cease to be exacting, extravagant, and jealous; let them consider that marriage is a condition that can be made blessed or cursed according to their use of it, and give their whole hearts to rendering it what it should be; let them take counsel of the wisdom which is from above—for no relation in life has more explicit

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direction given for its guidance in Holy Scripture—and act in this supreme and lasting position as Christian women should;—and marriage would cease to be a failure; no longer be shunned and sneered at; and that primal and sacred fiat of the Creator would be fulfilled—"And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him a help-meet for him."

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE whole system of marrying and giving in marriage, as it exists in this country, is founded upon a blunder. But for the sturdy corner-stone of reciprocal affection, absolute ruin must have overtaken it long ago, as the natural result of a compact entered into under false pretences.

From the time the baby-girl is "fie-fied" into unnatural shame if she offers her lips to her boy-sweetheart, until the fateful hour in which the blushing maiden is over-persuaded into setting the wedding-day, women are, notwithstanding all this coy show of bashful unwillingness, trained into the idea that their lives would be awry and unfinished without marriage. The conventional farce deceives nobody—least of all herself and lover; yet it is religiously played out in the sight of a knowing and grinning public.

I was once at a very amateur Jarley wax-works show, when the exhibitor achieved the solitary hit of the evening by reversing the positions of the "Beautiful Maiden pursued by the Indian" at the terminus of their track, announcing gravely the title of the group, as she set them again in motion.

The change of relative attitudes effected by matrimony is as sudden and thorough, and, but for the pity of it, would be as laughable. The beautiful maiden, hunted for her heart, flies, plaining as dramatically, if not as frantically, as when her scalp is the pursuer's object. The more reluctant in seeming, the richer the prize. From the instant of introduction to that of departure upon the bridal tour, the character of the chase remains unaltered. Should the girl avow frankly, when her wooer solicits her to marry him, that she had already divined his intentions and would have broken her heart had he not come to the point, he would be shocked and chilled. Even after betrothal, the masculine lover maintains the initiative, submits to his fair one's caprices,

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tempers, doubts, and jealousies with the docile devotion of a whipped spaniel, and does his best to confirm her belief in her divinity-ship and his serfdom. If the feigned flight of modern Daphnes were to end as did hers of old, the laurels nodding across our by-ways and highways would outdo Pope's quincunx grove.

With the preconcerted wheel of the bridal procession from the sacrificial altar begins the new order of things. The alert obsequiousness of the bridegroom slips from him like the calyculate sheath of an opening flower.

He is the Husband!

Courtship was the porch; Marriage is the house, and he is in possession. Wooing was the caracoling and prancing, the trial spurt in front of the grand stand before the business of the race began. The steady running is altogether another matter.

Without conceding the "growing frequency of unhappy marriages," which is, I believe, the predicate of this symposium, one who knows women cannot but admit that, where the cause of wedded wretchedness is not vice or inconsistency or violent temper, the wife is oftener than not in fault, and mainly by reason of the false views and practice just indicated.

A long course of petting and flattery has fastened two ideas in the girl's mind. She is an angel who is always right. Her lover is a vassal who acknowledges her infallibility. In all their talk of marriage not a hint escapes his lips that change can befall their dream. What would seem to be prosaic calculation as to future ways and possible means is idyllic to the pair. It should have been Colonel Sellers, if it was not, who tied green goggles upon his horse's eyes and fed him with jute for hay. Seen through our betrothed maiden's rose-colored glasses, expense-books and bills read like a promise of Eden and bread-fruit trees. While she lives for Galahad, and Galahad for her—and her only—baked beans are choicer fare than *vol-au-vent*, and calico will have the *frou frou* of silk.

A dozen sentences make her Mrs. Galahad, and, presto! her lord and owner begins to think and talk of and live for a great many things besides herself and their mutual adoration. To idealize is natural to her. It is an acquired trick—seldom a taste—with him. She keeps on doing it, and he lets lapse the unfamiliar exercise with despatch, if not with neatness. Now that the cut-and-pressed dogmas of managing mammas and pessimis-

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tic prudes no longer forbid her to reveal her affection in stintless terms, Galahad listens philosophically. He values—in reason—the love-words and caresses for which he once sued on bended knee, but he is not grateful for what is now wifely duty. At heart she may be tenfold dearer than was the affianced bride. She ought to know that without protestations from him.

In fine, Galahad's creed, that courtship and wedlock are different states, is not that of his wife. This misunderstanding is the key to the series of disagreeable surprises which succeed the wedding-day, increasing and strengthening until the whilom lovers are hopelessly estranged. Galahad enjoyed courting while it was in season. The thought of masquerading in the lover's rôle when the twain have been made one is preposterous. Bread and butter are to be made, rents paid, and something put by for his wife, should "anything happen to him." That "anything" has new dreads for him in view of the hostage he has given to fortune.

At the risk of seeming disloyal to my sex, I must say, being under bonds to "deal as frankly as possible with the subject," that Galahad is nearer right than his sighful spouse who bewails her disillusion in ivy-bush and on house-top. Life is not all green lanes, screened from profane eyes by blossoming hedge-rows, with sympathetic Cynthia overhead, nightingales in the thickets, and clover-scent in the air. Twelve out of the fourteen waking hours of a majority of married people are spent in plodding along

"The level stretches, white with dust,"

of the world's general high-road. The sun scorches, the dust chokes, and the rattle and rush of every-day life deafen and daze the laborers for love's sweet sake.

We seniors help on Our Maiden's delusion by euphoniously senseless twaddle of "joining hands for the minuet of life," and like figures, when, in our middle-aged wisdom, we know marriage to be nothing of the sort.

The exaggeration of sentiment (still following the line of wrong reasoning) that leads the young wife to exact the eager assiduities of the suitor from the married man, drives her fast and hard through the gates and grounds of Doubting Castle into the very presence of Giant Despair. She has lost her Galahad's love, or it was a pretence from the first; he is indifferent to her

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person; careless of her wishes; he grudges her the clothes she wears, the bread she eats. She remembers the home of her girlhood, as a starving exile the land of his nativity; the imagination that lured her into marriage intensifies the unhappiness of the irrevocable estate. She believes that her prattle bores the man who used never to be grave in her presence; her tears and poutings annoy him; or his imperturbable mien incenses her to the attempt to make him feel something of what she suffers. His talk of profit, risks, and investments is intolerable. He has no right to bring sordid things into the kingdom over which she rules. More women are jealous of their husband's interest in business hobbies, and of their business associates, than of other women.

In all this they are much—I dare venture to say more to blame than men, but Galahad is not quite guiltless. He has excited expectations he does not mean to gratify. It is possible to be rational and truthful even in a love-suit; to be sober, yet romantic. To himself, Galahad—consciously or unconsciously—discounts his own passionate vows, yet demands implicit credence from the object of them. He should be man enough, and brave enough, not to begin an education in wifehood by making a holiday toy of the girl he loves. The woman with whom he must always play the tender gallant, feeding her vanity into abnormal proportions; the woman whose appreciation of the values of life is such that she is willing to make his heaviest care the solicitude lest she should touch her delicate foot against a stone,—is not the stuff of which true yoke-fellows are compounded.

Courtship is play; marriage is work. The sooner women recognize the truth of the definitions, and act upon them, the sooner will the reproach be lifted from the honorable state and condition in which the truest and purest happiness possible in our sin-warped world is to be found—or *made*.

MARION HARLAND.

THERE is a very general opinion that unhappy marriages are on the increase. It is very uncertain whether this is a truth or only an appearance.

Time was when a woman shrank from the disgrace of separation from her husband, and would bear anything rather than re-

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veal her domestic woes. A divorce was something hardly to be spoken of as possible.

Nowadays all that is changed. Separations and divorces are familiar to us, and the faults which our mothers would have looked upon as disagreeable, but for which there was no remedy but endurance (and among the wiser ones, perhaps, the endurance was silent), now have a remedy. The old adage, "What can't be cured must be endured," was most likely much oftener on unhappy wedded lips than now. And it is surprising how far the sense that a thing "can't be cured" goes to make it bearable.

But in these days, the feeling which made the idea of separation so distasteful that both men and women avoided thinking of it as a possible solution of their troubles, seems to be dying out. Not, perhaps, with the *élite* of human nature, but with the average man or woman, who may be quite willing to believe that what is done under the sanction of the law cannot be, after all, very wrong. Old-fashioned prejudices are giving way in so many things to modern ideas,—why not in regard to matrimonial difficulties? Dalliance with any thought, however alien to our principles, insensibly begets a feeling of tolerance for it; and so we will suppose that women married to uncongenial husbands, familiarized, by the number of cases they hear of, with the thought that they are not compelled to live a life of endurance, gradually accept separation as a remedy in their own case.

Thus it seems probable that we hear nowadays of a much larger proportion of conjugal troubles than we did twenty years ago, not because there are more unhappy marriages, but because they are not hidden by the dignified reticence that formerly hedged about the family life.

However, the question is not, Are there more unhappy marriages to-day than formerly, but, Who is to blame for those there are—the husband or the wife?

Glib generalizers, who observe superficially, may say: "Oh, the husband, who expects a wife to render him comfortable whether he can give her the means to do it or not, who leaves her without recreation or amusement, and thinks himself a good husband if he remains at home the better part of his evenings."

Or, from another point of view, it is the ignorance, and carelessness, and selfishness of wives, who take with both hands and give nothing in return in the way of home comfort beyond what

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the servants, ill-directed and left to themselves, may please to do. If dinner is not ready or is uneatable, it is that "wretched Jane," and madame thinks only of her clothes and her social life.

Both of these views have truth in them, but they apply only to the more frivolous men and women.

What shall we say of those cases where a couple enter on married life with the most earnest resolutions that it shall be in their case a beautiful experience; where both man and woman are ardently devoted to each other, and both deeply conscious of their responsibility for each other's happiness; who enter on their new life with such beautiful aspirations that cynics laugh and shrug, if by any chance they hear of them?

When in two or three years all this fair prospect is blighted, what can be said? The cynics are justified, and when a sad woman seeks relief from a tie she entered upon with such solemn sense of duty, who but the husband can be to blame?

But those who have listened to young wives' griefs, and, even if they have not gone through the agony themselves, have watched the little drama in sadness, knowing whither it tended and, without some powerful intervention of Providence, how certain the tragedy was—these, alas! would say human nature is to blame more than man or woman. Latter-day philosophy would say education, in place of human nature; but I am inclined to think an observation of bird and animal life would show that human nature is animal nature, and education in this case has not much to do with it; instinct everything.

From the nature of men and women it so happens very few love marriages are not a disappointment more or less keen to the woman. In the few cases where there is actually no disappointment, there is either an unusual development of common-sense,—yet it is cruel to say common-sense, when some of the most sensible of women suffer most; but at all events a strength of character not often found,—or in the man a rare vocation for a husband.

It is often said that those couples who marry without any pretence to being deeply in love, but merely from friendship or convenience, provided they respect each other, are generally happier than those who marry for love, and this because so much less was promised, so much less expected, that the thought is never forced on these brides that they are less to the husband than they were to the lover.

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This is where much of the trouble lies, as many a mother and sister who have listened to tearful revelations can testify.

Until they are married, the man woos persistently, ardently; he sets the woman on a pedestal and may be said to worship her; her very faults are virtues in his eyes; and the woman, however well she may know that he overestimates her and earnestly strives to make him see her as she is, yet is unspeakably happy in being so beloved; and if she is an affectionate, loving woman, she resolves that, imperfect as she is, he shall never have reason to love her less. Her love is all pent up; the expression of endearment is almost impossible to some timid girl natures. She reserves it all for the future. When they are married, her husband shall know the depth of her love.

Who shall say with what sacred aspirations, what mental vows that nothing shall come in the way of their love, the majority of women go to the altar? (I am almost sure I am right in saying the majority.) Nor are men behind in their hearty determination to be good husbands, and love and cherish the women they have chosen from all others to go through life with them.

Just as true and sincere are these masculine resolutions, though they may be conceived without the fervid premeditation of the woman. With him it is a natural sequence; with her it is not only a natural result, but is to be increased by the earnest cultivation of every virtue calculated to make his happiness.

For months, or a year or two, after the marriage the wife is ideally happy; her husband is as fond and caressing as before their marriage, and now *she* dares to express her affection. Life is very beautiful, but gradually comes trouble. The husband becomes more absorbed in business, less caressing, not less loving; but a woman's nature longs for caresses; she doubts the love without its expression, and although she will recall all she has heard of others and how this thing happens to every wife, her craving heart will not be satisfied; she calls up all her common-sense in vain. Unfortunately she can rarely hide her suffering; she allows reproaches, loving ones, perhaps, to mar the harmony of her intercourse with her husband. At first he reassures her, tells how dear she is, that his love is deeper than ever; possibly he will say his manner has not altered, and be unaware that it has done so. Sure of his own love and sincerity, he

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may laugh the matter off, or he may remember some of the omitted attentions and caresses for a few days, and happiness once more reigns. But in nearly all cases the husband wearies. He cannot, nor can his wife's tender remonstrance make him, see that he has completely dropped the means by which he won her. The silent love and care-taking which he feels ought to suffice any reasonable woman, are very different from the incessant proofs of devotion with which he won her love, when every wish and whim were to be gratified at any cost, and he comes to think her unreasonable. Sometimes she is; and exacting also, but only from her great love; and her woman's nature is to blame—not the special woman.

Other women who have learned the lesson and settled down to accept the facts can see her folly, and, strange to say, seldom sympathize with her. If, happily, now a little stranger appears, all usually goes well; the yearning heart which craves to bestow as well as receive caresses has now something on which to lavish fondness. Otherwise, too often the couple drift into unhappy life; to provoke her husband into more active appreciation, the wife starts some mild flirtation, perhaps, and is confirmed in her idea of his growing indifference by the impossibility of making him jealous.

What the outcome shall be depends much on the man. If he is patient, tender, and slow to anger, time may bring content; but too often he becomes angry; he wearies of what he considers non-appreciation, and the end is separation.

I have purposely left untouched the many other causes of marital trouble, because this one, for which no one seems greatly to blame, seems to an observer to overshadow all others and to open the door to every trouble.

Much is said at present about bad housekeeping, extravagance in dress, and inordinate social ambition as causes of domestic unhappiness; but in the writer's experience, men accept all these faults with infinite amiability; and in almost every case where the fault is obviously on the man's side, and the wife neglected and unappreciated, she is unselfish and good beyond the average of wives.

I see no remedy for this state of things while man's nature and woman's are just what they are.

CATHERINE OWEN.

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A STARTLING question has been asked of men and women—"Is marriage a failure?"—and thousands have answered it as experience, prejudice, or ignorance led them. But while some were crying one thing and some another, the inexorable statistics of divorce put the question of failure—as far as the United States is concerned—beyond argument. For they prove that during the last nineteen years the number of divorces has increased twice as fast as the number of marriages; and that in such States as Maine and Vermont the tie meant to endure "until death part," is prematurely broken once out of every eight times in the divorce court.

Who are to blame—men or women? If the question was a commercial or a political one, women would naturally turn judicial eyes upon men. But it is essentially domestic. The failure has been wrought within homes over which women preside; the treasure lost is that priceless affection of which they are the object and centre. And the world as instinctively blames women in the divorce court as it blames men in the bankruptcy court.

Speaking broadly, women are to blame. The flattery and exaggerated attentions of courtship have on many an evil influence, and when they find that marriage is not a lasting picnic, they feel shorn of half their glory, and more than half their dues. They are not willing that passion should subside into that nobler tenderness which springs from a man's best nature. They have a "good cry" over the dropping of some silly nickname. They want constant assurances of affection, and their husbands walk on eggshells, terrified to wound feelings which take nothing on trust. This is the beginning of many miserable marriages, for a woman must become a "bore" who persistently refuses to believe in the love of her husband unless he is continually asserting it. Such wives are dead-weights on men. Though they be struggling for existence or fighting bankruptcy, they have them to carry on their shoulders, their whims to consider, their trivialities to respond to. So endurance fails and love dies of superflux.

But if weak, gushing wives have much to answer for, perhaps superior ones have more. Who does not know these perfect women, cold and proper as a well-dressed tulip? Their own temperament being generally languid and phlegmatic, the burning passions which send impulsive men into danger and sin are inconceivable to them; and as they have no constitutional ten-

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dency either to speculation or carnality, they wonder how men can commercially fail or morally fall. As a general thing, weak, sanguine men marry strong women,—human affairs have this marvellous inclination to re-adjust the balance,—but it is a mistake. Wives of this kind can look with untroubled eyes into the quivering face of a man confessing his fault, and calmly remind him that "sorrow cannot undo evil."

Babbling women, who, like Antigone, are perpetually calling heaven to witness "what deeds they suffer and at what men's hands," are apt finally to go into the divorce courts with their complaints. They have no conjugal reticence; they throw wide their Bluebeard chamber and invite all their acquaintances to come in and see it. And the social sympathy they get is but civil tolerance, quickly passing into impatience and disgust; for whether a woman be right or wrong the world has not time to stop and inquire. It only feels that her example is debasing and her influence noxious, and it makes her suffer a dispassionate and perfectly just ostracism. For it is very seldom that a girl marries in ignorance of her husband's true character ; only she extenuates in a lover what she will not tolerate in a husband. She knew that he had a bad temper, or a disposition to drink, and she "risked" him with her eyes open for the transient *éclat* of a wedding ceremony, or to excite the envy of her acquaintances, or because she feared the stigma of old-maidism. For if she had married him because she loved him, then conjugal honor would have taught her conjugal reticence and conjugal patience, even unto the end.

Equally destructive of married happiness is the woman who offends not in speech, but in discouraging silences. She listens to all her husband's plans with that silent protest in her eyes which says plainly that she has no faith either in them or in him, and so takes every particle of ambition and hope out of his life. When he was her lover, she praised his singing and laughed at his jokes; now that he is her husband, she freezingly endures the one, and in pitiless silence listens to the other. She does not scold, but there is something infinitely more subduing in the patient closing of her lips and in the calm, deprecatory air which says: "I do not answer you, but I know I am right." This kind of wife often assumes another mood that is quite aggravating, when, out of sheer obstinacy, she pretends "not to understand."

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Wives ignorant of the high moral duty of domestic service are great misery-makers, and are accountable for a large proportion of matrimonial failures. The days when men stuck to their roast and boiled as firmly as their creed are past. We now understand that food is the *nerve* of our social affections; and that the fervid life we lead demands food which can be assimilated with the least expenditure of vital force. There is an acute domestic disorder called "the temper disease," and a wonderful sympathy exists between this disease and the dining-table. "Much wisdom in olives," said Sancho Panza. "Soup and fish explain half the emotions of life," said Sydney Smith; and certainly upon the quality of our food depends the quality of our nerves, blood, tissues, and muscles. If these are ill-conditioned, the bent of temper, the force of will, the reach of thought, the power of judgment and of control, both at home and abroad, suffer. So, then, the successes of any life are as much commissariat victories as moral and mental ones, and wives who do not take care of their husband's digestion—who think the stock jar and stew-pan beneath their notice—these invite failure of every kind; and deserve it.

Jealousy takes many women into the divorce court, and most of them provoke the very ill they fall to by their moody suspicions. Men may surrender a purse for a cocked pistol, but this method never yet extorted a heart. The best love, like the best wine, flows without pressing; but this axiom of married life jealous women ignore, and so passionately assist the consummation of matrimonial failure. Wives whose craze is for notoriety and excitement, creatures of headachy mornings, of afternoons frittered on gossip or shopping, and nights whirled away in hot rooms, weary out very quickly the love of any sensible man. So also do those wives who have what they call "advanced" ideas—who talk about the animal character of motherhood, the degrading influence of housekeeping, the monotony of home, the slavery of self-sacrifice.

Again, many women will marry, whether God will or not. They risk a man with the sheer thoughtlessness of "the maiden who was married one morning as she went into the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit." They expect to get along as well as other people, and if they do not, the divorce court is just behind the church; and as for the doubtful *aura* which they must bring

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out of it to shadow all their future lives, that is a thing too far off to trouble their speculations.

But more mischievous than all together are those wives who, knowing their husbands' salary to be two thousand dollars a year, insist upon living as if it was twenty thousand. If the women who live beyond their husbands' income would live within it, the divorce courts might dismiss one-half their officials. But they will not. Each one prefers a new spring costume, or some other equally trivial thing, to a happy home. Each one is so anxious for some paltry social *éclat* that she never notices the marks of desperate struggle on her husband's face—the brows that wear a constant plait of tension, the eyelids drooping over eyes full of care, the unconscious plaintiveness of manner which would touch any heart but that of a woman bent on looking as stylish as one acquaintance, and a little more so than another. If the husbands of such women have strength to resist their demands, they save their integrity at the price of their happiness. If they cannot face tears and complainings, they very frequently go to the penitentiary for their wives' millinery, or Christmas presents, or summer extravagances.

Marriages for money, secret and clandestine marriages, add considerably to the miserable total of divorce. But in such cases men are, as a rule, as guilty as women. Indeed, it is not pretended that in all this wrong men are altogether blameless. But every man is *just what some woman has made him;* it may be mother, sister, wife. Every woman a man meets influences him. It is her nature to do so, her genius, her song, flowing out she knows not whither, returning never again. Then, if the feminine influence of a man's childhood be adverse, it is a pitiful thing if his marriage is also a failure. But if he has had a good mother, the chances are that he will choose him a good wife.

The greatest mistake men make is in marrying immature women, girls in their teens, who have all the crudeness and tartness of sour fruit. A tradition of innocence and gentleness hangs about a young girl, but in reality she is the most cruel of human creatures. Her judgments are harsh, her prejudices stiff, her sympathies narrow, and she is full of self-assertion. In a few years the same girl may have mellowed and ripened, have become less conceited and more conciliating, and a man may marry her with hopes of realizing his dream of wife and home.

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The present unsatisfactory condition of marriage is not altogether the result of present conditions. A large portion of the blame must be credited to a generation back. The religious education of youth goes to the very foundation of character, and mothers have largely delegated it to any young person who happens to teach a Sunday class; thus resigning the sweetest and strongest part of their influence—that part which, when their children are old men and women, will keep them in the way they should go, or bring them back to it. Sunday-schools for poor neglected children are a heavenly thought, but no Sunday-school can take the place of a good mother, who gathers her children around her knees and, out of the fulness of her love and the worship in her heart, teaches them what is good and what is evil. Better far for a man or a woman to be so taught than to sit at the feet of a Gamaliel.

Women are at present in a restless state of transition. They have broken forth from the citadel of home, where have walked the holy women of all past ages; they are attacking the hoary supremacy of men, and invading the world where men have hitherto toiled and travelled and ruled alone. And as yet they are in their new surroundings but inferior men, doing men's work imperfectly, and neglecting their own to do it. For, trying to unite what has been in absolute separation for 6,000 years is no light undertaking, and there is little wonder if "failure" be written on one side or the other.

Will, then, the woman of the future regard marriage, not as the crown of her life, but merely as an incident in it? a partnership lasting just so long as it is profitable and pleasant? Will love lose its enchantment, and, instead of suffusing life, become only a partial interest among her many graver ones? On the contrary, the woman of the future will probably give to love a more intense and concentrated character. She is stumbling gradually into a knowledge of right values, and when she understands the priceless worth of her "influence" upon the life of all with whom she comes in contact, she will hold life and love in level hands, and no more fritter away love than she would fritter away life.

AMELIA E. BARR.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

COFFEE-DRINKING IN EASTERN EUROPE.

THE opinions recently expressed in a short but interesting article on "Coffee-Drinking and Blindness," being based upon the writer's personal experience and observation, ought to have considerable weight, and should serve as a timely warning to those who indulge in this refreshing beverage to excess, or, indeed, indulge in it at all, if they have found its effects in any way injurious to their general health or to any particular organ. We perfectly agree with that writer in his remarks upon the seductive influences of habit in these things, and the extreme difficulty of shaking it off, as in opium- or tobacco-smoking, when years have fastened the practice upon the victim. What we would venture to criticise is the error of generalizing what is, no doubt, applicable only to special cases, as is too often apt to be the habit with reformers, whether the hobby they ride be temperance, anti-smoking, or anti-any other recognized evil. Probably the greatest moral curse of the nations to-day is intemperance, and he or she who enters the field to put down, with the force of argument or appeal, this crying evil,—whose devastating effects are corrupting the souls and bodies of millions of our fellow-beings, increasing the poverty of the working classes, and turning homes of happiness into hells of vice and horror,—ought to receive our earnest support and be ranked among the saviors of society.

But even in liquor-drinking there is a line to be drawn, and while many acknowledge this to be true, they fear to draw the line, lest advantage should be taken of it to defend the *excess*, which, after all, is the great evil to be attacked and destroyed. Nobody can deny with any show of justice that with many men—not all men—a moderate use, with one's meals, of *pure and unadulterated* fermented juice of the grape, called wine, is, if not absolutely necessary, wholesome and beneficial to the system. We do not refer to the class called invalids, who act under the physician's orders, but to men who enjoy an average condition of good health, and to whom animal and other nutritous food is inadequate by itself to support the system in its normal condition. Take as an example one whose daily occupation involves a good deal of mental strain, and to whom the quickening and permanent influences of a glass or two of sound sherry, madeira, or bordeaux are an unquestioned benefit. It must be admitted by the unprejudiced mind that it is the quality more than the quantity of the stuff which the poor man pours down his throat in daily, and often hourly, libations which burns, poisons, and finally destroys his system. In most countries it will be found that the hard-working man, temperate in all things, who takes a glass or two of *good* beer after his work, or while at work, is not injured but nourished thereby.

We apply this experience to coffee-drinking, and are persuaded, from our observation of many years in Greece and Turkey, that the moderate use of pure coffee is —one might almost say—a blessing to rich and to poor. Excess in its use, or the use of it at all, except when the decoction is made from the genuine coffee-berry, and properly made, is, beyond any question, an evil. One must live in the East for awhile—or, if not there, confine himself to partaking of the beverage in other countries, where the character of the café, or the house where it is served, is a guarantee of its purity—to appreciate what "a cup of coffee" really means. It is a recognized

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fact that the mixture drunk by the majority of people in Europe and our own country, under the name of coffee, is a vile, or, at the best, an adulterated compound of inferior berries, beans, or other substitutes, and that when occasionally the genuine coffee-berry *is* the basis of the hot fluid served at the hotels, railroad stations, restaurants, and even in private houses, it is not prepared properly, and more frequently than otherwise injures the digestion and, consequently, the health of the constant drinker.

In Athens, broadly speaking, every third man indulges in cigarette-smoking and coffee-drinking, and this to an extent that astonishes the stranger. It is an every-day sight, when entering an office or private sitting-room, and not infrequently the family room, to see the tobacco-box, cigarette-paper, and ash-box lying on the table, and the visitor is expected, without invitation, to help himself and light his cigarette, as a preparation for and companion to conversation. Little cups of black coffee follow as a matter of course, however early or late the hour may be. But the Greek does not confine his attentions to the coffee-cup to these occasions. He often takes his first cigarette and his first cup in bed, before rising, and continues the practice at intervals through the entire day. It is something akin to the habit of ice-water drinking in the United States, but without the subtile, injurious results that follow an habitual use of cold liquids, which chill the stomach, impair the general health, and produce decayed teeth. So far as our personal observation goes, strengthened by medical testimony, the Greeks in the condition of their general health do not support the theory that the habitual use of coffee injures the system or affects the eye-sight. The use of spectacles in Athens, distinctly a population of scholars, writers, and readers, is as rare as it is prevalent in Germany, where beer-drinking and smoking are more prevalent than coffee-drinking.

The same is the case in Turkey. There coffee-drinking is universal and continuous. The writer passed the greater part of four years at Constantinople, where he had occasion to call upon the officials of the Sublime Porte so frequently that it would be difficult to enumerate these official visits; and with few exceptions, when the visit was protracted to any length, black coffee, pure in quality and prepared with the grounds, was regularly served in small delicate cups. All Turks, from the highest to the lowest, indulge in the beverage, a few swallows at a time, throughout the day, and without any evil effects. What makes the fact the more remarkable is that neither the sedentary habits of the Turk nor the quick, energetic temperament of the Greek seems to be affected by the perpetual imbibing of this beverage. Spectacles, it may be remarked, are as little used in Turkey as in Greece; nor are complaints of the eyes more prevalent, if we except ophthalmia, which is brought from Egypt and exists chiefly among the unclean and dissolute lower orders. An old Pacha once told us that he considered coffee to be one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed by Allah to the faithful, not only for its grateful aroma, but from its health-preserving qualities. He referred, of course, to the "divine berry" of Mocha, and not to the questionable compound served up in the "infidel" countries of the West.

That coffee has certain medicinal effects, under certain circumstances, must be admitted. One remarkable example of this occurred in the present writer's experience. A relative of ours, a lady, after a long illness, was finally "given up" by the physicians in attendance, owing to the inability of the patient to retain any food, liquid or solid. Days had passed in this hopeless condition and the patient was rapidly sinking from utter exhaustion. Everything she attempted to swallow was rejected, until an old black servant, long in the family, asked permission to try an experiment in which she had great faith. "Anything, anything you please," said the doctors; "nothing can save her now." The old woman rushed to the kitchen and soon reappeared with a cup of hot black coffee, into which she had broken the yolk of a raw egg. This the patient swallowed and retained, and from that moment rallied and lived for, if we remember rightly, several months after, succumbing at last to her malady, which was consumption.

Speaking of doctors recalls to mind an incident in connection with the coffee question. Many years ago, in Boston, a discussion arose which gave rise to numer-

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ous letters in the newspapers, pro and con., as to the effects of tea and coffee. The advocates of each beverage pronounced his own favorite drink to be wholesome, and denounced the other as poisonous. The question was finally referred to one of the oldest physicians—Dr. Jacob Bigelow, we believe—for a solution, by which each of the contending parties agreed to abide. The doctor took his time about it, and an elaborate treatise was expected in reply. At last it came. If it was not satisfactory, it was at least definite—so far as it went. The learned referee stated that, after a full and careful examination of the question, he had no hesitation in declaring that "one of the two articles mentioned, tea and coffee, *was* a poison." Which one he did not specify; thus, diplomatically, offending the prejudices of neither party, and probably confirming each in its own opinion. Hence the great tea and coffee question remains open for discussion, and the only decision that appears to us to be of any value is that which each consumer of these beverages draws from his own experience.

CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN.

II.

CHRISTIANITY BECOMING MATERIALIZED.

THE following incident happened not long ago in one of the largest cities in this country:

An important church in the city owed a large sum of money to a very wealthy man, one of its leading members. But though the money was overdue, the church officers felt no anxiety, as their creditor not only appeared to have the interests of the church at heart, but was abundantly able to wait until it should be able to pay him, and, indeed, frequently expressed himself to that effect. At this point he was proved to be guilty of having broken one of the ten commandments,—which one it is immaterial to say here,—and as the transgression was a matter of common fame, the officers of the church were compelled to take cognizance of it. They did so, and, finding him guilty, declared him suspended from membership until he should give some proof of having repented. The offender, though acknowledging the charge against him, was furious at the audacity of the church in presuming to discipline him, and sent word to the officers that if he was not reinstated within a week, he should at once proceed to collect the money which the church owed him. He was reinstated in three days, or as soon as the meeting of the officers could be convened, and is to-day a member in good standing of that church.

Some few years ago, in a small town in the central part of this State, there was a church which had recently called to the pastorate a young man of strong religious convictions and fervid piety. He had not been pastor long before he learned that the leading member of his church, and the wealthiest and most influential man in the town, was living in open sin. It had been a matter of common notoriety for years, but the former pastor, a weak, good-natured man, having an eye to the rich man's very liberal contributions, discreetly ignored the matter. The new pastor, however, was a man of very different character, and, after privately admonishing the culprit to no effect, publicly cut him off from membership in the church. What was the result? The sinner, of course, withdrew his contributions, and so great was his influence in the town that the church members generally condemned the clergyman for so offending him. Some actually upbraided him for driving a good-paying member away by needlessly raking up a little private matter that was nobody's business. The poor man's salary was so reduced that he was finally compelled to resign. This, of course, was a triumph for the rich magnate. A man was called as pastor who had no desire to stir up unpleasant matters, and who was only too willing to conciliate a man of wealth and position. The rich man, still living in open sin, is an honored member of the church, while the clergyman, who tried to end the scandal of his membership, is looked upon as a sort of Quixotic crank, and with this reputation, earned by his uncompromising devotion to principle, he finds it impossible to obtain any permanent or desirable charge.

Multitudes of other instances, differing in many details, but all showing the subserviency of American Christianity to the money power, might be adduced. The

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churches in the United States do not perhaps worship wealth ; but they conciliate it and toady to it to such an extent that their message of universal brotherhood becomes a farce. In no department of American life is the power of money greater than in the churches. Not only does it shape the policy and blind the vision of individual parishes, as in the cases I have related, but it compels American Christianity, as a whole, to take the rich man's view of every moral and social question that comes before it. The enormous wealth of many men, both in and out of the churches, is known to have been acquired dishonestly, and in violation of the rights of multitudes of men whom they deprive of their dues. But neither the churches in their corporate capacity, nor the clergy in their individual capacity, ever think of denouncing the social system which allows this state of affairs to exist, and even throws over it the sacred sanction of law.

The material growth of all American denominations during the last twenty-five years has been remarkably great. But that very growth has blinded the eyes of Christians to the fact that their spiritual growth has not been correspondingly great. It is the old story repeated. The early church retained its wonderful spirituality as long as it was obliged, on account of persecution, to meet in caves and catacombs. But when it became rich and prosperous, it rapidly degenerated, until it lost nearly all its pristine faith and purity. American Christianity to-day is confronted by a problem that involves not merely its well-being, but its very existence. Shall it float along on the tide of worldly conformity, adjusting its lofty ideals to the low standards of the money-worshipper? Or shall it do what one of the catechisms says every Christian should do,—renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, no matter at what cost of popularity or worldly advantage?

JAMES B. WASSON.

III.

DIPSOMANIA AND ORIGINAL SIN.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN says that what is called the religious reaction of recent times is far more superficial than is generally supposed. Of this Mr. Edward C. Mann gives an illustration in his note on "Inebriety as a Disease" in the January number of THE REVIEW. "Law and medicine," he says, "should unite in accepting the following as a definition of dipsomania: 'Dipsomania consists of an irresistible craving for alcoholic stimulants, occurring very frequently, periodically, paroxysmally, with a constant liability to periodical exacerbations, when the craving becomes altogether irresistible.'" The lay reader might ask how a craving defined as "irresistible" is to be so exacerbated as to become "altogether irresistible." And if this craving is not persistent but "occurs," how is a jury to know that it was dipsomania, and not plain thirst, which possessed an accused man when he took the liquor which led him to his crime? There is danger in definition. But these queries are aside of the point.

Dipsomania, we are told, is an irresistible craving. How are we to know it is irresistible? Plainly, by the fact that it is not resisted. Before it is resisted, nothing can be said of it; neither that it will, nor that it will not, be yielded to. It is a definition after the act. But after the moderate drinker or the habitual drunkard has taken his glass, it may be just as truly said of him that his craving was irresistible. The act of drinking is the proof of it. The craving in the moderate drinker may have come from other motives than desire for liquor. But whatever the motives, the fact of the drinking shows them to have been present; to have swept aside all other motives ; to have been irresistible.

This is simply stating by example that uniformity of nature which is the very instrument of scientific thought. As a necessary corollary of that uniformity comes the fact that man is an automaton. This uniformity, our only rational working hypothesis, is accepted probably—one may almost say inevitably—by the thoughtful among the medical fraternity. Yet when the physician turns to the consideration of a concrete case, he forgets or neglects the truth to which he has just given assent, and, betraying the superficial character of the religious reaction in his own mind, harks straight back, we may say, to original sin.

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"The dipsomaniac," says Mr. Mann, "is driven into a debauch by an irresistible impulse; the drunkard merely chooses to seek the intoxicating effect of alcohol." That is to say, the dipsomaniac drinks because all the past compels him to it; while the drunkard drinks because, in the depravity of his heart, he has, without regard to the past, to his nature, or to his environment, originated the desire to drink. If there be any such thing as science, this statement is absurd.

Much energy has been expended in the attempt to lay down a test of insanity which should also be a boundary line of legal responsibility. The attempt has been fruitless. From the nature of things it must always be so. The reasoning of those who seek such a test is like this: A commits a murder; A is sane; therefore, by virtue of the originating power which lies in his free will, A could have chosen not to commit this murder, had he so willed; therefore he originated this murder; therefore he is responsible for it. B commits a murder; B is insane; therefore B had lost the originating power which lies in his free will; therefore he could not have chosen not to commit this murder; therefore it did not originate in him and he is not responsible for it. The error—and it vitiates the entire reasoning—lies in the assumption that man is an original first cause. This assumption is part of the prevailing theology. Though denied by the science in the doctors, it is asserted by their religion, and so far are they from having been deeply affected by the so-called religious reaction that, in all the discussions of mental responsibility of recent years, it may be questioned if the doctrine of automatism has been, in this country, once seriously considered as entering into the problem. The New York Medico-Legal Society has wearied itself for years in word-building over the definition of insanity and the test of responsibility. It seems never to have brought into its discussion the fundamental doctrine of cause and effect, and at last reports was still beating the air as widely and vainly as does Mr. Mann in his definition of dipsomania.

Mechanism in thought and morals—the automatism of man—is a doctrine which in this age will receive scant recognition. But it is a curious illustration of the failure of logic and the persistence of superstition that our most liberal profession—even the students of the pathology of the mind in that profession—refuse to apply to the problems which vex them that uniformity of nature which is the very instrument of scientific thought.

JOHN COTTON DANA.

IV.

TWO NEEDED NEW WORDS.

SOME time ago, in a newspaper article, I took occasion to insist on the necessity of introducing into the language one or two new words in order to express with clearness ideas growing out of the use of one of the modern labor-saving devices, which, in all probability, is bound to be more and more used as time goes on. The device referred to is the type-writer. That it will entirely supersede handwriting is by no means likely; but that dexterity in the use of it will come to be one of the essentials in the education of boys and girls I have not the slightest doubt. There will necessarily be some loss along with a great gain, since the individuality of handwriting—one of its chief charms—will, as a matter of course, disappear.

Philology can never be an exact science because it deals with a living and growing thing. Language must grow or die—unless the people who speak it become stagnant and stationary. The important thing is that its growth should be wisely directed. A good deal is said about "newspaper English," and it cannot be denied that much of it is very bad indeed. Most newspapers use the language of the people with little discrimination, losing sight, apparently, of the high privilege they possess of exerting a continuous and pervasive influence in favor of good, if not of absolutely pure, English. It is the newspapers that must plead guilty to the charge of giving currency to such bastard (because improperly formed) words as "derail" and "cablegram"; whereas, by frowning upon such formations and resolutely refusing to admit them to their columns, they could do much to prevent them from coming into general use. It is the plain duty of all teachers and all trainers of public opinion to

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see to it that when the language grows, as grow it must with the progress of invention and civilization, it shall grow as it ought, and be pruned if necessity for this arise.

To return to the point where I started: in connection with the use of the type-writer the necessity for two new words must be apparent on a moment's thoughtful consideration. One of these is for the product of the type-writing machine. "Type-written manuscript" is the clumsy phrase now employed; but is there any reason why "typoscript" should not be substituted for it? The word is properly formed, and is needed to express a new idea; and along with this would naturally go "typo-scripture" to convey the abstract notion of the art of type-writing. Equally, if not more, needed is a name for the type-writing machine. "Type-writer" is now applied indiscriminately to the machine and the operator, so that when a man says, "I have just got a new type-writer," it is impossible for his friend to determine without further inquiry whether a machine has been purchased or a pretty young woman engaged. My first thought upon this matter was that "typograph" would be an excellent word to denote the instrument on which "typoscript" is produced; but as soon as my attention was called to the fact that we already have the words "typography," "typographical," etc., with well-established meanings, it was apparent that "typograph" would not answer the purpose. Instead of this, "graphotype" was suggested, and as this is equally good etymologically, as it expresses the same idea, and as it is free from the fatal objection that lies against "typograph," I see not why it is not an admirable word to express the thought.

"Typoscript" and "graphotype," then, are, in my judgment, needed additions to the language, and the sooner they come into common use the better. There should be no hesitation in using them because they are new; for they stand for new ideas, and in their make-up they violate no law that rightly governs the formation of words. In connection with this, I may add that along with "typoscript" would very properly go the abbreviations TS. and TSS., as counterparts to the long-accepted MS. and MSS.

PHILO H. SYLVESTER.

V.

STATEHOOD FOR THE INDIANS.

THE frequent conventions held during the past twelve months in the States adjacent to the Indian Territory, and the resolutions which they uniformly and almost unanimously adopt favoring the opening up of this region to white settlement, are but symptoms of the wide-spread discontent with its existing anomalous and deplorable condition.

It is not necessary here to enter into a detailed account of this condition. A few of the more important facts seem to be generally recognized and acknowledged. That this Territory offers a serious and damaging obstacle to free commercial intercourse between the States and Territories surrounding it is apparent. That the present form of its government affords no protection to life or property in the sense known to civilized people seems equally well understood. Several years ago I heard a wealthy and intelligent citizen of this Territory say that if he could sell his property he would move into the States, as he was unwilling to reside in a country where his only protection was the shotgun. He defined the situation in a sentence. The amount of crime committed in the Indian Territory when a white man is one of the parties can readily be ascertained, approximately at least, from the records of the Federal Courts having jurisdiction; and surely it is sufficiently shocking. But the crimes committed where both parties are Indians cannot be ascertained. A newspaper published in that country not long since estimated the number of murders alone at three hundred during the year 1888. Considering the paucity of its population, the figures are something appalling, and appeal eloquently for some remedy.

The United States Government assumes to be the guardian of these people, and cannot shirk the responsibilities of the situation by mere non-action. Humanity and sound policy alike demand a change.

What shall the change be? The more enlightened public sentiment, as well among the Indians as among white people, seems at last to have reached the con-

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clusion that the only solution of the Indian question is to clothe him with citizenship. The distinguished Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, who was at the head of the Senatorial Commission sent out a year or two ago to investigate the condition of the five so-called civilized tribes of Indians, is reported to have admitted, in a public utterance, that they have attained to a stage of civilization beyond which it is impossible for them to advance, under their present form of government. Those who have resided along the border of their country long enough to become acquainted with their character and condition can attest the truth of this statement.

But two heretofore insuperable obstacles stand in the way of a change. One is the Indian himself—his fears and prejudices. The other is the none too exalted regard for the rights of the Indian, but the much too exalted opinion of his character and of the nature of his rights, which exist in the Eastern half of the United States. No one will deny, at this late date, the right of these Indians to the lands included within their Territory; but this right does not carry with it the right of their people to determine the relations to the political organization of the United States which they and their domain shall hold. The United States Government has claimed and has exercised this right from its establishment. It cannot shut its eyes to the effects of its existing paternal, emasculatory guardianship. It owes it to the Indian, it owes it to humanity, that this relation should be changed, and for the better.

Again, then, we come to the question, What shall the change be? And it is a question that presses more and urgently for an answer.

Thirty years' residence upon the border has made me somewhat familiar with the fears and prejudices of the Indian, and I venture nothing in asserting that he will never consent to any form of Territorial government that could possibly be devised. Under a Territorial government, the President of the United States appoints all the more important officers, and the Indian is afraid that during this transition period he would be deprived of his rights to his lands. But if a bill admitting this Territory into the Union as a State at once, without the intermediate Territorial condition, be carefully prepared, allotting to each citizen of the country his present individual claim in fee simple, and giving the remainder to the new State to be disposed of at its will, as soon as they can be made to understand it the Indians will consent to it.

No one better knows than the Indians of this Territory that there will be a change in the not distant future, whether they consent or not; and if they be made to understand that each individual is to have in fee simple the land to which he now has but a shadow of title; that he is to be permitted to elect his own officers, State and National; that he himself is to be made a citizen of the United States, clothed with all the rights, enjoying all the privileges, and fortified by all the protection of every other citizen; and that he is no longer to be subjected to the inquisitive surveillance of the United States Government,—both his interest and his pride will be awakened as never before. He is not a fool, even if he is not fully civilized. Remove him from his present emasculating tutelage and throw him upon his own resources, and his pride, his interest, and a sense of his new responsibilities will lift him to a higher civilization, and this farce of a government, this *imperium in imperio*, will cease to be a barrier to our National progress, a disgrace to our National policy, and a stain upon our National honor.

W. M. FISHBACK.

VI.

MR. GLADSTONE'S OVER-ESTIMATE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S essay on the future of the English-speaking races estimates the probable population of the United States in 1988 at 500,000,000. Twenty years ago a countryman of the venerable prophet predicted a pandemonium of anarchy that would explode the civilization of Anglo-America as effectually as it has blighted the prosperity of Mexico and Peru. Optimism, in this age of rapid progress, is apt to harmonize with the general current of tendencies; but while the stability of Republican institutions has been considerably under-rated, the natural resources of our special Republic have been as undoubtedly over-rated.

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General Hazen's treatise on "Our Barren Lands" demonstrates the indisputable fact that an enormous area of our "Great West" is as unfit for agricultural purposes as the limestone plateaus of Western Australia, and that the task of reclaiming the old garden lands of the Mediterranean peninsula would be far less discouraging than the attempt to irrigate the summer-scorched and winter storm-tortured alkali plains of the upper Missouri into anything like farm lands. The best agricultural regions of our National territory were settled before the middle of the present century, and we accordingly find that, in spite of an unparalleled concurrence of circumstances favoring the rapid growth of our population, the average ratio of the increment has gradually decreased. In the two decades from 1830 to 1850, the aggregate population of the United States nearly exactly doubled, by rising from twelve to twenty-three millions. In the next twenty years, the aggregate advanced to thirty-eight millions, and that of 1890 will hardly exceed sixty millions.

But a still more significant fact is the circumstance that in the wealthiest States of the Union *the ratio of increase steadily declines in proportion as the average density of population approaches that of civilized Europe.* Thus, while the population of the State of New York only just doubled in the course of the forty years from 1840 to 1880, that of Missouri, during the same period, increased more than 500 per cent., that of Texas 600 per cent., and that of Wisconsin *more than* 3,000 per cent. The inference is obvious. By the time that Missouri and Wisconsin shall be as densely populated as the State of New York, their growth will cease to be anything like phenomenal; the inexorable laws of physical geography will prevent the tide of progress from inundating the deserts of the great central plateau; and Mr. Gladstone's augury is, therefore, an undoubtedly flattering, but not less undoubtedly preposterous, over-estimate.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

VII.

TREE-PLANTING AND ARBOR DAY.

THE setting apart in various States of a day to be observed as Arbor Day—that is, a day on which tree-planting is to be engaged in, especially by the children who attend the public schools—is commendable in the highest degree. Wider knowledge concerning trees, and a true conception of the results that must inevitably follow the ruthless destruction of forests in many sections of the country, cannot be inculcated too diligently in the minds of the growing generation; and every tree planted is something done, even though but a trifle, to offset the ravages committed by the conscienceless wood-choppers who turn the deafest of ears to the passionate entreaty to "spare that tree." As one of our poets has finely said,

> "Who does his duty is a question
> Too complex to be solved by me,
> But he, I venture the suggestion,
> Does part of his that plants a tree";

and a fine old English proverb, quoted in Mr. T. F. T. Dyer's recently-published "Folk Lore of Plants," affirms that "He who plants trees loves others besides himself."

In New York State, Arbor Day has been fixed for the first Friday in May. This year (the first time that it is observed) that will fall on the 3d of the month. It is a serious question in the minds of many who are familiar with the general subject of tree-planting whether that is not quite too late a date, at any rate in the vicinity of New York city, for deciduous trees to be set out with a good prospect of thriving, in ordinary seasons. That it may be too early in the northern portions of the State is equally obvious. That there would be a notable advantage in having one day observed for this purpose throughout the State is a patent fact. But the disadvantages growing out of the wide territory embraced in the State, and the varying dates at which the season necessarily "opens," would seem to turn the balance in their favor. As a way out of the difficulty, I would suggest that a fortnight or three weeks, including the latter half of April and the early part of May, be set apart for this purpose, with the understanding that Arbor Day is to be observed on one day

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during that period. The selection of the day would have to be left to the teachers; or perhaps the county superintendents of schools could make the selection, so that all over each county the pleasant task of planting trees could be performed simultaneously.

In the case of country schools, there will, of course, be no trouble in determining where the trees shall be set out: the waste places everywhere are crying aloud for them; but in cities, I suppose, there must be something in the way of coöperation between the various schools, whereby, through committees from each and with the consent of the park authorities, the planting, which is to be the significant feature of Arbor Day, may be done in the public parks.

JAMES R. AUSTEN.

VIII.

SPITE IN TEXT-BOOKS.

INTENSELY bitter as are some men's political prejudices, it seems scarcely credible that they would find expression in scientific treatises and text-books; yet so they have in several notable instances. Dr. Johnson could not refrain from letting his bile overflow into his dictionary, as we see by his definitions of "excise" and "pension." The former is defined to be "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid"; and "pension," to be "an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state-hireling for treason to his country." One of the last places in which one would expect to meet with such an exhibition of temper is among the dispassionate definitions of a dictionary; and the Doctor would hardly have been betrayed into it had he dreamed that, only a few years later, he himself would accept a pension from George III.

But Johnson, "a good hater," though he was an ultra-Tory, has been surpassed by William Cobbett. In his English grammar, Cobbett contrives skilfully to drag in his political opinions, not occasionally, but again and again, and makes his examples and illustrations subservient to his likes and dislikes on almost every page. Thus, as an example of the time of an action expressed by a verb, he gives this: "The Queen (*i. e.* Queen Caroline) *defies* the tyrants, the Queen *defied* the tyrants, the Queen *will defy* the tyrants." To illustrate the hyphen, we have: "the never-to-be-forgotten cruelty of the borough tyrants"; under the possessive case: "Oliver the Shy's evidence, Edwards the government's spy." Nouns of number and multitude are thus grouped together: "Mob, Parliament, Rabble, House of Commons, Court of King's Bench, den of thieves, and the like." "You may use," he tells his pupil, "either a singular or plural verb with a noun of multitude, but you must not use both numbers in the same sentence. You may say, for instance, of the House of Commons, '*they* refused to hear evidence against Castlereagh, when Mr. Maddox accused him of having sold a seat'; or, '*it* refused to hear evidence.' It is wrong to say: 'Parliament *is* shamefully extravagant, and *they are* returned by a gang of rascally borough-mongers.'" As a specimen of faulty syntax, Cobbett gives: "The Attorney-General Gibbs, whose malignity induced him to be extremely violent, and was listened to by the judges."

But the bitterness of Johnson's, and even of Cobbett's, political prejudice pales before that of General Hill, the Confederate officer, as manifested in a text-book published by him just before the late Civil War. There are few persons whose ingenuity would not be puzzled and baffled in an attempt to introduce sectional feelings and personal spite into the neutral region of pure mathematics; but General Hill actually succeeded in conveying covert sneers by algebraical symbols, and insinuating contempt through mathematical problems. In a text-book, called the "Elements of Algebra," strongly recommended by Professor Jackson, of the Virginia Military Institute (afterwards the famous rebel general, "Stonewall" Jackson), a number of problems are given, of which the following are specimens: "A Yankee mixes a certain number of wooden nutmegs, which cost him one-fourth of a cent apiece, with real nutmegs worth four cents apiece, and sells the whole assortment for $45, and gains $3.75 by the fraud. How many wooden nutmegs were there?" "At the

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Woman's Rights Convention, held at Syracuse, N. Y., composed of one hundred and fifty delegates, the old maids, childless wives, and bedlamites were to each other as the figures of 7 and 3. How many were there of the old maids?"

OLIVER H. RUSSELL.

IX.

WOMEN AND WAR-POLICIES.

TO THE student of social problems a very interesting question is raised by the evident inclination of the principal European states to increase their standing armies. With 8,000,000 men already under arms on the continent of Europe, and a reserve of 14,000,000 prepared to be called into the field at any moment, and with such a disposition to increase this enormous number as was shown by the vote of the German Reichstag to add 700,000 men to their army, and by the recent decision of the French Senate to increase both army and navy, it is impossible not to speculate upon the effect which the withdrawal from actual life of such vast numbers of young men will have upon the social order. The status of woman is a prominent factor in every social question of to-day. It enters into—it may almost be said to form the basis of—nearly all economic problems, and from the economic, no less than the moral, stand-point it is of prime importance here. What will be the effect upon women, and how will the evolution of society at large be affected by the present method of preserving the peace of Europe?

It is evident that the withdrawal of so many men from active life must bring women to the front in business matters. Thus the development of women in intelligence, in shrewdness, in administrative ability, will be rapidly carried forward, *pari passu*, with that moral and industrial deterioration of the young men which is the inevitable result of barrack life. The effect of these opposing influences cannot but be felt.

How far it will influence the solution of some of the most perplexing social questions of the day is an interesting subject for reflection. The temperance question is now looming up portentously, both in wine-drinking France and in beer-drinking Germany. The question of social purity, and of that blackest curse upon women's lives, the so-called social evil, is imperatively demanding attention. Will these questions, and others hardly less vitally affecting women, be met upon sounder and safer grounds when woman's influence has become a more fully recognized force in social dynamics?

It may be argued that it takes long periods of time and many generations of human life to work out a change of character so marked as to affect institutions or customs. Such has, indeed, been hitherto the case, but the change that has come over European women, especially German women, within the present generation, is too marked not to be highly suggestive. The French woman of the lower-middle class has long enjoyed a remarkable degree of freedom in the business world. She has been the head and her husband the hand, and any result of the withdrawal of the man from her side will be slow to make itself felt. But the German woman has always been secluded from active life; the home has been preëminently her sphere. Education, temperament, and circumstance have combined to make her to the highest degree sentimental, self-abnegating, unpractical, in all but domestic concerns. The change which has come over her life within the past few years has, therefore, had the more marked effect upon her character. And the fact that to-day the women of Germany are more efficiently organized in their trade and educational and social unions, that the movement to secure their personal and commercial rights is on a sounder basis than in any other country in the world, shows that social changes, even when dependent on character and opinion, are not necessarily slow. It gives some hint of what may be expected in the years that are to come, if the peace of Europe continues to be maintained by the means now employed.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

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ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

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IN MEMORIAM.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

On Saturday, May 11, Mr. Rice superintended and directed the preparation of this number of The North American Review. He also formulated on that day explicit instructions as to the policy of the management during his contemplated absence as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. "Be careful to keep it out of the old and worn academic rut," he said; "let it be what I have made it—a magazine of the times." Though tired, he was full of eagerness and enthusiasm, fertile in suggestions, and happily confident in the future. On the following Wednesday he was to sail for his post at St. Petersburg. But on Monday he was troubled with a sore throat, and, much against his will, was compelled to take to his bed. Up to the last moment preparations for his departure continued, and neither physician nor nurse foresaw a fatal termination to his illness. Though he was unable to sail on the appointed date, it was expected that he would be able to take the following steamer. Early on the morning of the 16th, however, he died suddenly, the immediate cause of his death being an unsuspected affection of the lungs, complicated by a malignant form of quinsy, into which his sore throat had developed. Never was a brilliant and useful career ended more abruptly or more tragically.

Allen Thorndike Rice was born in Boston on June 18, 1853, and spent most of his youth in Europe, where he received an unusually thorough education. He was graduated from Oxford with the degrees of B. A. and M. A., and by the charm of his personality and the earnestness of his intellectual aspirations he secured, while he was still scarcely more than a boy, the friendship of such men as Mr. Gladstone, Victor Hugo, and Mr. Froude.

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At the age of twenty-two he returned to the United States, and soon afterwards purchased THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which at that time was moribund and profitable to neither its publishers, its editors, nor its contributors. Instead of imitating the English quarterlies, with their voluminous essays, he desired to make it the representative of modern thought and action in every direction, and to have for his contributors not the academical critic and the learned hack, but the leading participants in the march of progress. How far he succeeded every reader of the REVIEW knows.

Possessed of an ample fortune, young, refined, accomplished, and attractive in manner, he was surrounded by every inducement to surrender himself to a life of ease; but no penniless young man, with a fortune to make, ever displayed more industry and tireless zeal. He was not only the editor of the REVIEW; he was the publisher also, and personally superintended every detail of its management.

Mr. Rice was thoroughly scholarly in his equipment and sympathies, and the master of a virile literary style. His temperament was infectiously buoyant, and his manner full of high-bred and winsome courtesy. He was deeply interested in science, and counted among his friends Edison, Charcot, and Pasteur. In 1879 he organized and directed the Charnay expedition, which was sent to investigate the remains of the ancient civilizations of Central America and Mexico, the results of which were given in the REVIEW. He amused himself in his scant leisure with researches in a small laboratory of his own. With all this, he took an active interest in politics, and it is scarcely more than a month since he was appointed Minister to Russia. But he who was so alert and so eager less than a week ago is dead, and the career that was so brilliant in achievement and promise has ended midway, at the very moment that its hero was reaching out for yet more varied activity and still higher things.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

MAY 18, 1889.

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